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COUNTRY LIFE

THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits

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THE JUBILEE OF DARWINISM.

JULY 1ST, 1858, is a day to be held in remembrance by all who have at heart the welfare and the progress of the human race, for that day marks what was really the birth of Darwin's "Origin of Species," though the great work which bears this title did not appear till exactly twelve months later. How completely the labours of this master mind have changed the world's thoughts and conceptions of the universe is a matter of common knowledge, though the world at large is apt to be forgetful of the debt and homage we owe to him. The Linnean Society of London regards his memory with especial reverence, for his great generalisation was first given to the world at a scientific meeting of the society held on the eventful day to which we have just referred; and this fact will have been celebrated with all due pomp and ceremony before these lines appear in print. Not even the author's own friends, who had long encouraged him in his work, could have foreseen the tremendous results which were to follow when the still, small voice of reason made itself heard after the storm of denunciation was over, as a consequence of the publication of the "Origin." It is the preliminary to this book, which took the form of a brief essay, that the society decided, very properly, to commemorate. And herewith is associated a very remarkable occurrence. For Darwin's essay was presented under a common title, together with another essay on exactly the same theme, embodying the same ideas, couched in practically the same phraseology, and inspired from the same source, "Malthus's Essay on Population." This second essay was by Alfred Russel Wallace. These two men, working thousands of miles apart, unknown to each other had come upon the same idea—the one having spent years of anxious research upon proving his hypothesis, the other swiftly committing his thoughts to paper and despatching his essay as it stood for the criticism of the learned members of the society. But this is a story with which the world has long been familiar. Suffice it to say now that there is no more striking instance of generosity in history than is afforded by the conduct of these two men towards one another in this matter. Darwin, in short, was enabled to reap the full reward of his labours only by the efforts of his friends, among whom Wallace must be given the foremost place. The title of these two essays ran as follows: "On the tendency of species to form varieties, and on the perpetuation of varieties and species by means of natural selection." Avowedly only a greatly condensed abstract, and unquestionably full of the promise of great things, the full significance of its subject-matter was not realised until just twelve months later—July, 1859—when that great work on which Darwin had been so many years engaged—"The Origin of Species"—made its appearance.

The keynote of this wonderful work is "the comfortable word evolution," to use the phrase so happily coined by Huxley. It showed, in a most masterly fashion, that all living things are in a state of flux, or, at any rate, of change, though this idea, indeed, in a vague, elusive fashion, seems to have been present in the minds of the more acute students of Nature for some hundreds of years—from the Greeks, at any rate, onwards, though to Charles Darwin belongs the credit of having first really grasped this principle, and of giving it tangible form. Though Lamarck had already endeavoured to show that the various shapes of animals were not fixed, but could be, and were, modified by the effects of use and disuse, and that therefore "species" could not be regarded as so many fixed entities, so many "medals of creation," the old idea embodied in the Mosaic cosmogony held its own, and this was largely due to the weighty condemnation of Lamarck's work by Cuvier. So, then, when Darwin began his epoch-making labours, the belief in the fixity of species was universal. And he himself, when he started on his labours, had this conception more or less fixed upon his mind. But the tremendous insight which he gained, of animal and plant life, and of the past history of the earth, during the celebrated voyage of the Beagle, which he accompanied as naturalist, brought with it a new conception of the universe, though his ideas took shape but slowly. Each step of the way, each new inspiration, as it occurred, was subjected by him to a most rigorous criticism. But at last the new philosophy was fashioned wherein he showed, with masterly force, that animals and plants, so far from being so many unchangeable "species," were, on the contrary, extremely variable in constitution, no two being alike, however much so they might appear to be superficially. This variation, he showed, furnished the raw material for the fashioning of new species. And this because life could only be maintained at the price of a struggle with other forms of life, and scarcely less so with inanimate Nature. This being so, unfavourable variations—variations which increased the stringency of this struggle—would tend to eliminate the unfortunate individuals in which they appeared; while, on the other hand, variations which in any way lessened this struggle, in any way conferred an advantage over competitors for food, or what not, would secure proportionate advantages which would be transmitted to and increased in their offspring. And in proportion as the changes continued to increase, in just such proportion would their possessors differ from their ancestors, and eventually become so unlike as to merit the rank of a new species—and hence evolution.

Such, in crude form, is the main argument of Darwin's thesis. There are those, especially on the Continent, who amuse themselves by asserting that "Darwinism is dead." They do, however, but advertise their own foolishness. Indeed, the garbled nonsense which they present in the name of Darwinism is sufficient to proclaim their incompetence to express an opinion on the subject.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Lady Juliet Duff. Lady Juliet Duff is a daughter of the fourth Earl of Lonsdale, and her marriage to Mr. Robert George Vivian Duff took place in 1903.

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COUNTRY NOTES

KING EDWARD VII., accompanied by Queen Alexandra, paid a visit to the Queen's Hall on Monday night to see for themselves something of the work that has been done during the last nineteen years by the Children's Happy Evenings Association. The philanthropy of this body is of the most humane and enlightened kind. During its existence many thousands of children reared in the slums have been taught by practical example what it is to have higher interests in the world. The display of calisthenics and physical drill given by the children seems to have delighted the King and Queen very much, and in the message read to the company by Lady Jersey, it is said that Their Majesties were also very pleased with the toys and ornaments they had made. There are 161 branches of this association in the metropolis, and during the autumn and winter it finds healthy recreation for some 27,000 children. The institution, therefore, is highly deserving of Royal and other support, and we can only hope that in future the number of its branches may be multiplied till the entire area of England is covered.

Much attention has been directed to the visit which is being paid this week by the Prince of Wales to the county of Northumberland, where His Royal Highness will be the guest of the Duke of Northumberland at Alnwick Castle. His primary object, of course, is to visit the Agricultural Show, which is being held at Newcastle-on-Tyne, for, like his father and grand-parents, the Prince has a genuine interest in pedigree stock; but, being in the North, he is availing himself of the opportunity to see the most beautiful and historic places in the district. In particular he is visiting Holy Island, that home of ancient religion and modern romance which rests so sweet and cool at this season of the year in its nest of wet sands. In the ancient fastness of the Percies, the Prince of Wales will find plenty of material on which to exercise his historic sense, and the country all round will remind him of the war lords of his ancestors who, like the famous Knight of Scrivelsby, ventured up into these parts when they wished to "fame their helmets."

If the Prince of Wales had time and opportunity he would find it instructive to compare the style of agriculture pursued in Northumberland with that in the South of England. Probably he would not think that the farmsteads were as attractive as those in the South, for the old picturesque cottage to be found in such beauty in Kent and Surrey, in Gloucestershire and Dorsetshire, does not exist in this Northern region. In compensation, however, he would note a combination of beautiful hills and fertile valleys which is without parallel elsewhere in this country. We can imagine, too, that his eye would be caught by the gangs of women who work in the fields. They are not, properly speaking, bondagers, because bondage was abolished by statute a generation ago; but they are the successors of these women. His interest in animals would be gratified by seeing more sheep in Northumberland than in any other English county, and here and there he might come across a herd of excellent and famous shorthorns.

All who are desirous of seeing the Small Holdings Act put into operation in the best manner will study with interest the list of criticisms which Lord Wenlock has sent us in regard to Mr. Kitchin's suggested plans for a small holding. Lord Wenlock possesses unusual claims to be heard, as he has himself made a number of small holdings and built houses for the tenants. It is evident, too, from the conversation in the House of Commons on Tuesday night that statesmen generally are recognising the difficulty which we have tried to solve. At present the matter is in a very crude and elementary stage. Sir Edward Strachey informed the House of Commons that the Gloucestershire County Council proposed to spend £1,000 on the adaptation of land, including the erection of a new cottage and alteration of existing buildings, and the Radnorshire County Council proposed to spend £250 for a similar purpose. But this is a very moderate beginning. It is very clear that as soon as the schemes of the various local bodies are formulated and laid before the Board of Agriculture this question of creating homesteads for the new tenants will become very pressing.

There is an old proverb which invites us to "take Time by the forelock," and it is desirable from every point of view that careful consideration should be given now to the character and cost of the necessary buildings. They may, even with the utmost care, in the end prove to be a burden on the County Councils, and therefore on the taxpayers; but if hurriedly put together this possibility becomes a certainty. We refrain for the moment from commenting on Lord Wenlock's suggestions or pointing out which of them are acceptable, and which not, because in the end, when more authorities have been heard, it may be desirable to produce an amended set of plans. In the meantime we shall be very glad to hear what any other of our readers have to say on the subject. The problem is not easy, and yet should not be regarded as insoluble. It is to build tenements that will be of solid and good work in themselves, conducing in every way to economy and, most important of all, not involving an outlay of capital that will handicap the tenant with a rent he cannot pay.

"GLORIA MUNDI."

God took roses red as a burning ruby,
Laughing lilies fairer than moonlit sea-foam;
Buttercups and daisies no man could number
Jewelled His meadows.

Gold He gave of gorse ablaze in the sunshine,
All the drifted snow of the hawthorn blossom,
Honeyed bloom of clover, and flame of poppies—
So he made Summer.

ANGELA GORDON.

Fruit-growers will read without laughing the account of the question and answer about strawberries in the House of Commons. No doubt Sir Alfred Jacoby, the chairman of the Kitchen Committee, showed that a reasonable price was paid for the food, and an equally reasonable price asked from the members to whom it was served; but what the fruit-grower would like to know is who gets the vast margin between 8d. a pound, which, at the moment of writing, is a fair retail price for strawberries, and the 2d. or less a pound which he obtains for growing them. He is not so foolish as to think that there must not be a fairly wide margin between the two prices—for one thing, the fruit is perishable, and, secondly, the sale is never assured. At the same time, those who live in the neighbourhood of London, and have sent their surplus fruit either to Covent Garden or the Borough, know very well that they scarcely obtain sufficient for it to pay the carriage and other expenses. This applies more particularly to amateurs. Professional growers who have had experience are able to get more directly at the market; but the London amateur who takes an orchard or a large fruit garden on the supposition that he can sell part of the produce to meet the expense of working it, generally finds himself under a great delusion. Yet it is unquestionable that if the clubs (and Parliament has been called the first club in the United Kingdom) would make arrangements to have their garden produce direct from the growers, they would be able to charge less for it and yet have it of superior freshness and quality.

It is a very great pity that the character of outdoor paupers should have become a party question in the House of Commons. This is a matter that requires to be considered impartially and without reference to the controversies, because upon it hinges the whole doctrine of poor relief. Speaking from memory and knowledge, we are inclined to think and believe that most of those who have really known country life intimately will agree with us that the paupers in a district, generally speaking, do not belong to the deserving poor. It may seem harsh to say so, but the fact is that when an individual comes on the parish, drink, or some equally potent cause, may, in most cases, be ascribed as the reason. It would

be unfair and uncharitable to state this as an absolute rule, because cases do occur of a man or woman, after having led an industrious and sober life, being at last reduced to the necessity of seeking relief from the parish. But, as a rule, the well-doing individual either has saved a little money on his own account, or he has friends and relatives who will not allow him to become a pauper.

More has to be said than has yet found expression in the House of Commons of the advantage of voluntary assistance. The help that is mechanically given according to rules in the Statute Law is not very thankfully received, and does nothing for the giver. But in a Book, whose wisdom is admitted even by the unbeliever, the writing stands that "it is more blessed to give than to receive," and whoever has studied the problem of the poor from actual daily contact with the recipients of charity, knows a sense in which this is absolutely true in ordinary life. He or she who helps a neighbour in distress, especially if some little self-denial is required to do it, is directly benefited by having given expression to a kindly and generous impulse. When the very poor were dependent partially or altogether on those who were better off, the mere fact gave birth to sweeter and finer relations between them. This fact, it appears to us, is entirely lost sight of whenever members of Parliament begin discussing the problem of the poor. Our legislators are in danger of making their talk about poor relief as ineffectual as is that about religious instruction in schools.

This week sees the close of two very successful pageants, which have been exceptionally fortunate in that most important consideration, the weather. From the days of the Saxon Kings to well on into the Wars of the Roses, Winchester was the capital of England and a Royal residence, and the promoters of the pageant there were justified in giving it the name of "national." It was on a grand and heroic scale, showing the processes by which the various races of conquerors and conquered in England were welded into one people. And since in the Middle Ages the Church played no small part in that great work, the Winchester pageant rightly gave prominence to the ecclesiastical history of its ancient See. On the first day some fifty archbishops and bishops attending the Pan-Anglican Congress visited the performance, and since they all appeared in their robes, their procession across the ground was one of the most effective scenes of all. The spot chosen was the grounds surrounding the ruins of the ancient Bishop's Castle of Wolvesey, where many of the incidents represented actually took place, and lying within view of the cathedral and the college, which have played so large a part in the history of the town. The profits, which should be considerable, are all to be devoted to the urgent work of preserving the cathedral, and Mr. F. R. Benson and all concerned are to be congratulated on a brilliant spectacle and a great success.

The Chelsea Pageant was on a different scale. Performed in the beautiful grounds which used to be the fashionable Ranelagh Gardens and are now occupied by the Military Hospital, founded by Charles II., it was rightly gay and graceful. Chelsea has always been the home of elegance and the arts, from the days when it was a country suburb inhabited by great people like Sir Thomas More to the heyday of Paradise Row, bath-chairs and the eighteenth century. It is quite fitting that its pageant should be an elegant and idyllic entertainment. The London Pageant (when we get it) must be a very different matter, far more historical and heroic. Meanwhile this dainty Chelsea China Pageant could not have been bettered as a means of making Londoners familiar with the pageant idea. Dances, music and spectacle were all charming, and Chelsea may plume itself on being the first London borough to organise an exhibition of this kind.

Four counties are now pressing hard on the heels of Yorkshire in the race for the cricket championship. They are Surrey, Kent, Middlesex and Sussex, each of which has only lost one game. They are all playing well, but perhaps Kent, at the present moment, is the most serious rival to the Northern county, as Kent invariably becomes stronger with the advance of the season. It is evident, too, that on dry hard wickets Yorkshire is struggling, gamely indeed, but without that assurance of victory which inspires the men on a wet wicket. They have been drawing their games recently, and at the time of writing have only won a single game more than Surrey, while they have several more to play. Kent, Middlesex and Sussex have still a long programme to go through. At the beginning of July the averages begin to figure out much as they will appear at the end of the season. At present Mr. Page is at the top, but as he has only played nine innings, it is unlikely that he will hold the position at the end of the season. Hirst is seventh on the list; but then he has played no fewer than twenty-three innings, so that his average is as good as that of Mr. Page. Mr. Jessop at present is second, and Mr. Gillingham, Mr. Warner, Mr. Crawford and Mr. Bowring follow in the order named. In bowling, Haigh occupies the top position at the moment; but Hirst, again, has bowled no fewer than 509 overs, so that his position on the list as fourth is nearly as good as the first.

The lawn tennis championships, which at the moment of writing are on the eve of completion and of which a summary and criticism will appear in our next issue, have suffered little from the many competitive interests of the present summer. Had the entry been solely English, public interest would no doubt have lagged. But, happily, a strong foreign element brightened and diversified the lists, some of the competitors hailing from Germany, Belgium and Austria, South Africa and Canada, to name the countries from which the greatest danger threatened the English players. In view of the forthcoming Olympic lawn tennis, the entry of Colonial and Continental players was a natural and desirable sequence. Nor is it likely to take from the interest in the contests which begin on July 6th, when a large influx of foreign players will swell the numbers of those who have competed in the championships.

SOFTLY TREAD.

(An Epitaph.)

Softly tread,
Who here arrive!
I am dead,
And you're alive.
I am dead: fear not to waken
Clay your footfall leaves unshaken;
But—lest ye should share my bed—
Careless livers, softly tread!

Laurence Housman.

One of the most interesting and handsome of the birds which are generally with us all the summer is very conspicuous by its absence this year from its usual haunts. This is the red-backed shrike, or butcher-bird. There are large areas of Great Britain in which the bird is never seen at all, but in those which it frequents it is generally common enough. The habit which makes it so interesting is that of hanging its meat—that is to say, beetles, humble-bees, fledgelings of smaller birds than itself, and so on—on thorns. It is said to do this in order to "hang" the meat to a proper degree of tenderness and savour; but in part, at all events, it is likely that its motive is to give itself a leverage by which to pull the food into mouthfuls, for though it has a modified hawk beak, its feet have not the strength of the true raptorial bird's talons to hold down the prey while the beak tears it. This year we are missing the shrike's handsome, bold presence and harsh scolding voice from very many of the places to which it usually resorts. No doubt the beetles and humble-bees will not regret it.

Mr. Maxwell Blake, the United States Consul at Dunfermline, has issued a warning to his countrymen that should not pass unheeded in this country. It is to the effect that the manufacture of antiques is a large and flourishing industry in Great Britain, and the unfortunate tourist who fares forth in search of articles of *vertu* may find these ingenious "fakes" even in the humblest cottage; for not only are cunning workmen able to give new furniture the appearance of old by constant rubbing with bone and pumice-stone, and produce brown Spanish ivories by means of acids, prepare Queen Anne silver, first-state engravings, Robert Burns chairs, and Mary Queen of Scots tables, but equally cunning dealers are able to place them in the humblest-looking cottage to which the wandering American goes in search of a bargain. The extent to which this fraud is perpetrated may be estimated from the fact that out of 1,000 pieces of so-called old hand-rolled copper plate, there were not half-a-dozen that on examination proved to be genuine. Evidently those who are not exceptionally expert will do well to confine their patronage to the living artists and leave the antique to those who know something about it.

Among the questions likely to remain for ever in debate is that of the value of lime trees in a garden. It is very well known, both to the gardener and the lepidopterist, that there is no other tree, possibly excepting the willow, whose foliage is the food plant of so many kinds of larvæ. This is a fact of which the eaten-out patterns of the leaves of lime trees give plentiful evidence. The gardening world seems to be a good deal divided into two camps regarding the function in this regard of the lime trees in a garden, for while the one party says, "you ought not to have any at all of a tree which attracts such a host of leaf-eaters," the other replies, "it is an excellent thing to have as many as possible of these trees, because they attract the insects away from the foliage of other kinds." In this interesting

condition the question must be left. Our own adherence is to the former of these opposed points of view; but the case is one of those on which the verdict must always be "Not proven."

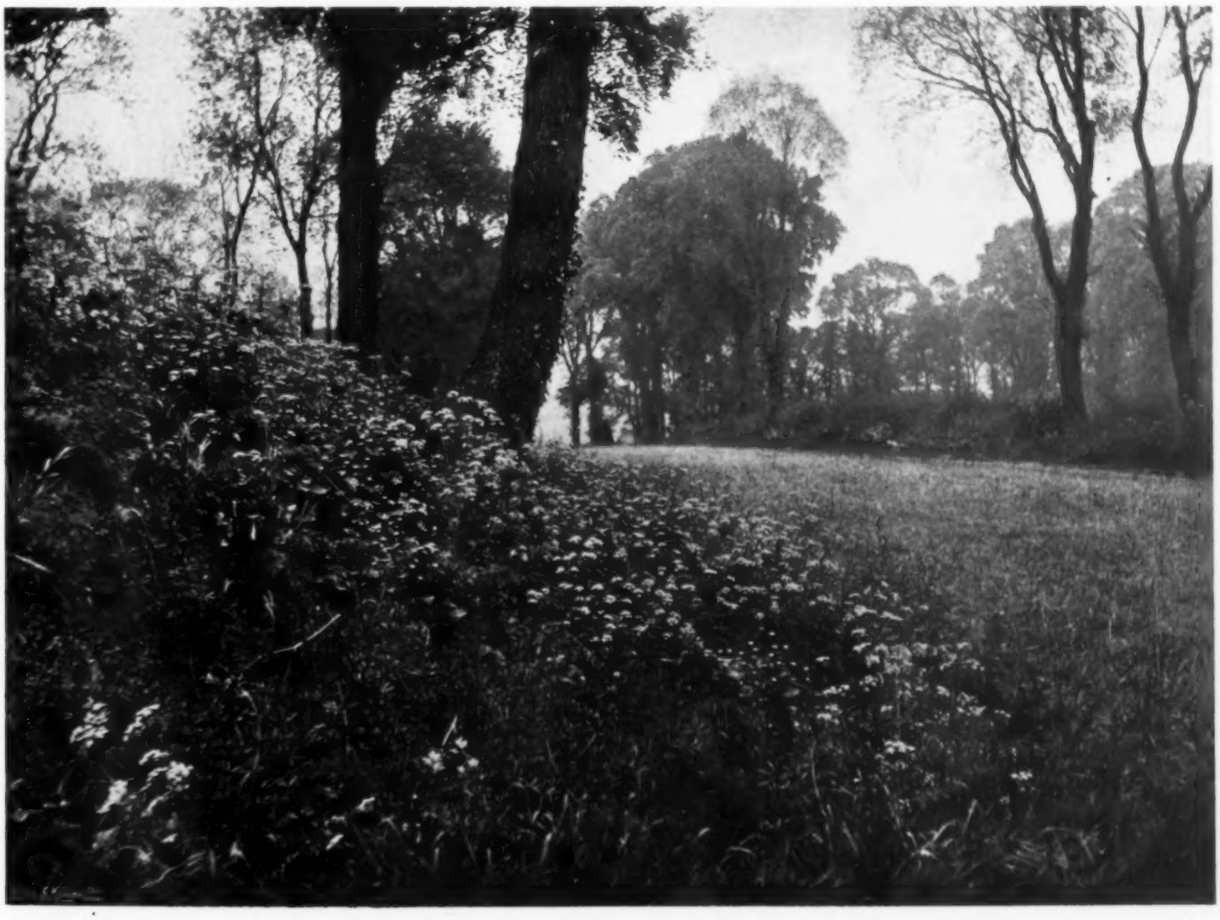
Apart from the sentiment of pity to which our common humanity moves us in thinking of the lamentable loss of life in connection with the wreck of the Spanish liner Larache, on the rocks between Cape Finisterre and Vigo Bay, the suspicion, if it is not to be described by a word conveying greater certainty, that the doomed vessel struck on a rock which the hydrographical charts do not show, is one which touches us closely as a nation. All the stretch of the Spanish coast-line, with the coast of Portugal intervening, from Corunna right away to Gibraltar, indented with magnificent harbours, is a frequent and favourite exercise ground of our Channel Squadron. In Vigo Bay itself the squadron finds secure lying in all winds, and a favourable place for coming out for big-gun practice and for the torpedo practice which is prohibited in the bay itself for fear of injuring the sardines, of which little fish the catch is of the first importance to the natives. The idea of an uncharted danger in its neighbourhood is not one which we can entertain lightly.

The May-fly season which is just past has but served to confirm the argument furnished by the experience of most recent years that the insect is becoming less numerous. There are exceptions here and there—the Kentish Stour is said to be one, although even here the big fly was capricious in its rises this season—but, generally speaking, it is on the decrease. On Itchen, Test, Kennet, Lambourn and on the tributaries of these, no matter where you go, the story is the same. As for the reason, some say it is to be found in the increase of birds which feed on the fly; others say the cutting of the weeds which shelter and nourish the larvæ. You may take your choice of explanations, but you must accept the fact. And on the whole there is no necessity to deplore it. The May-fly season is good fun while it lasts, but its fun is often dashed with disappointment; and at best it lasts but a little while, and then for a month fish will look at nothing except an occasional sedge-fly late in the evening. If they do not have their carnival of May-fly, they do not spoil their appetite for fly, and the angler's sport therewith; but both continue more equably distributed throughout the summer.

There is not much originality in the observation that the chain of cause and effect is far-reaching and obscure, but it is being constantly illustrated in curious ways. A few years ago, when wickets were hard and true and cricket matches could not be finished because bowlers could not get batsmen out, one of the modes of dealing with the trouble which found favour with the high authorities was to make the bat narrower. A principal reason for rejecting this proposition was that it was found that it would interfere with the interests of so many bat-makers who had bats of the normal width laid by for seasoning. It was said that shaving down these bats to the required width would not produce the best possible result, but that the willow trunk should be cut in the proper widths originally. These are secrets of the trade which the outside broker cannot pretend to understand. What is intelligible and satisfactory is that the demand for willow for bats is so constant and increasing that more and more land in Essex is being planted to supply it; and it is said that English willow is the best.

THE GLORY OF SUMMER.

As we grow older the year seems to pass by at an accelerated pace, and this season the fact has made itself felt more than it usually does. For winter seemed to return again, and swallowed up half of spring. The cuckoo's first cry was heard when the ground was white with snow. In other years it has been delightful to watch the long procession of wild spring flowers, and the primrose and the cowslip, the windflower and the bluebell, the speedwell and the forget-me-not, each claimed their own time. On the wide green meadows each wild flower seems to have a period during which it is dominant. But the snowstorms of April rudely interrupted this orderly succession, and the pretty regiments of spring arrived in confusion. Everything associated with spring appears to have been shorter than usual; the voices of the most familiar birds—the cuckoo and the nightingale—are hushed, except that Philomel may be heard giving expression to domestic anxiety instead of the passionate love which he sang with such force and beauty in the early weeks



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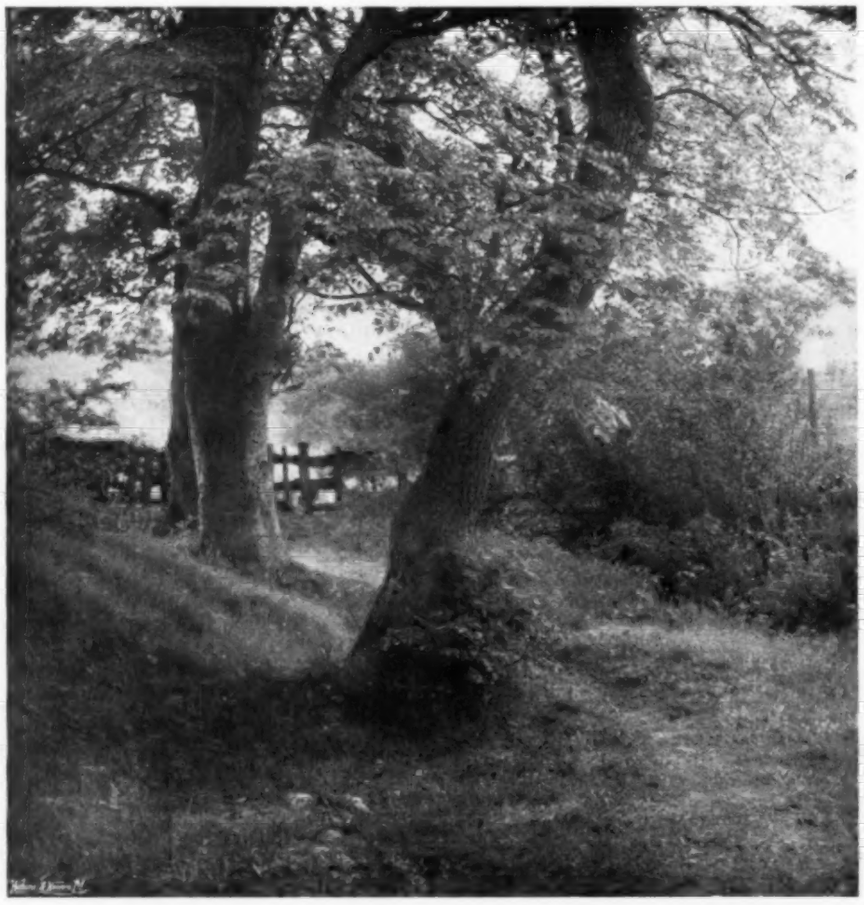
of June. Sitting in the noonday heat, it is curious to collate the various sounds that are to be heard in a well-cultivated English county in this month of July. Sweetest of all are those produced by the wind, which sighs now, as it ever did, tenderly and softly amid the foliage of the trees. But it has added a new tune to its store. Many of us think that the various telegraph and telephone wires which extend over pasture and arable land, or thread the dusty highways, have added no beauty to the landscape; but the wind plays upon them a music never heard by our ancestors. It is as if Æolian harps lay all along the high road. In tempestuous weather the noise is disagreeably loud, but in these summer days the wires hum like some old nurse crooning to her children. This is part of the new open-air life which has come to this generation. It fits in with the tinkle of the hay-cutter at work in the meadows. We who are middle-aged can scarcely imagine that the children of to-day are growing up with associations of summer that hinge upon the tinkling of this machine. In our old poetry and in the young days of many of us the "swish of scythe in morning dew" was the sound which we associated with the sweet smell of new-mown hay and the pleasures of the hayfield. It sticks to us yet, and makes the tinkle of the mechanical cutter seem prosaic in comparison. But this is not so to the children who have heard no other. They are growing up with memories wherein the noise of the mechanical cutter mingles itself pleasantly with those of falling grass. Patent elevators and forks that gather and load the hay by mechanical action have to our eyes changed the hayfield from poetry into prose. The glory of spring appeals directly to the eye and ear. It is made up by the fresh tint of those flowers that are the firstlings of the year and the songs which birds sing in "their first fine careless rapture." The glory of summer is directed more to the mind than to the eye and ear. No longer filling the ear with music, the little birds are feeding their young on the swaying boughs of the wayside trees, and the sounds they emit are the cries of the nurslings for food, the answer of their parents or the jealous outbursts when some suspicious object makes its appearance. The nightingale scolds with the harshness of a blackbird alarmed by a wandering cat. In summer the trees are a still and sober folk. During the weeks of spring how beautiful it was to see them passing through the various phases of their annual pageantry! First, there was the breaking of the bud on the bare and stern outlines which they showed in winter. Then the leaf unfolded and gradually spread over them a light and shimmering green garment, that dressed but did not conceal the forms it covered. After that came the period of blossom. It seems but yesterday since the thickets were white with May and the chestnuts clothed with their great blooms. To-day, where the elder is allowed to grow, it shows as bountiful an array of blossom as the hawthorn did, and the mountain ash is still to come out. But on the vast majority of trees the petals have withered and floated down to the ground like snowflakes; the seed-vessels are formed and are inconspicuous in the masses of thick green foliage. In some trees scarcely anything is noticed. The oak, for instance, brings forth its green blossoms so shyly that the ordinary wayfaring man never notices them, and if he came to think of it, would be surprised where the wealth of acorns came from that in the course of a month or two will be hanging on the greatest of our trees. Richard Jefferies used to describe the huge oaks at the foot of the Downs as resembling huge spheres of green in summer, and the phrase showed his happy accuracy of observation. Elms, too, now deserve the epithet used about them by William Morris; but they and summer itself have been painted by Tennyson once and for ever in the fine lines:

> The moan of doves in immemorial elms
> And murmuring of innumerable bees.

Was the letter "m" ever used before to such excellent purpose? And the roads and fields are stripped of a great deal that made them beautiful. Last week the lanes near to the place in which this was written were masses of rank and wild growth, hemlock and nettle and dock mingled with grasses and myriads of tall flowers. But now the roadmen have passed along with their scythes and laid all low, so that there are only dull green hedges and the grass growing brown after several weeks of unbroken sunshine. In the meadows a little while ago there was a gallant show of clover, grass and the flowers that came up with them, but now that the hay has been cut and removed, the fields turn a burnt and monotonous surface to the sky. Beside them the green corn crops are waving dully uniform where the farmer has kept them clear of weeds, but brilliant and beautiful where the tenant is careless. For the poppy is now in flower, and is spread about in those natural masses which the skilful gardener can imitate, but not surpass. The charlock, where, as is too often the case, the farmer has neglected to use the spraying machine, tones the green with a tender yellow. In the field, as in life, the weeds are often more attractive than such quiet and industrious citizens of the field as wheat and oats and barley, turnips and potatoes. There is a little stream that winds down the valley, however, and on either side of it the grass is lush and green, while the banks show spaces blue with starwort. It has a mill at nearly every village, and above each is a stagnant pool invaded by sedges and green rushes. Below the great wet wheel, whose revolution carries with it a suggestion of coolness very welcome at this time of the year, a perfectly different flora prevails. It were easy to imagine that the river has a consciousness of its own, because it is dull and sulky when its freedom is cramped by the presence of a mill dam. But when once it escapes it breaks out into foaming little dances that might almost be taken as the expression of a human pleasure. The timid trout in its deep pools scatter at the approach of a human figure, and are startled even when the shadow of a flying bird falls momentarily on the surface of the clear water. They are taught what it is to be afraid by the groups of wandering schoolboys, whose long legs and thin, slim bodies show in their nakedness the grace of early childhood, as the boys, under pretext of bathing, chase the fish from one hiding-place to another, unconsciously making as they do so innumerable scenes



J. M. Whitehead. *"A NEST IN A GREEN DALE."* Copyright.

"THERE AMONG THE FLOWERS AND GRASSES."

J. M. Whitehead. "UTTERING JOYOUS LEAVES." Copyright.

that might tempt the painter's brush. But it is perhaps on the wild upland country that the charm of summer makes itself felt most. A white road, without fences, winds down what, practically speaking, is waste and moorland. Stock are not kept in such quantities as to graze the country very close, and a consequence is that the flowers have opportunity to develop at will. The road at places becomes only a green track marked with cart-rucks, which passes groves of oak and then breaks away into a bare and open country, very bleak in winter, but now gay with flowers. It is in such a country as this that the foot-passenger has most opportunity of enjoying the delights of summer. There is a suggestion of sleepiness in the landscape even here; the very clumps of trees seem to drowse in the sunshine as much as the sheep which gather at their roots for shelter from the intense heat. Yet every breeze that blows is felt in this wide and open landscape, and above are such clouds as can be seen nowhere else. They drift past, white and fleecy, like great argosies of which no one can tell the nature or the destination. We only know how mysterious and beautiful they are.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

AMONG the subjects on which the views of the present generation show an advance is that which may be described in a phrase as the erring woman. It is a common and not unjust reproach on the part of those who are keen on sex questions that when a man and a woman are guilty of the same sin, the punishment meted out to the frailer vessel is harder than that to the man. The latter, indeed, is not compelled to suffer greatly for his indiscretions. He would never be debarred from Society on account of them, or subjected to any considerable annoyance. Those who call themselves men of the world are in the habit of glancing at such offences with an indulgent and tolerant smile; but a woman who has crossed the border meets with a far sterner punishment. Ostracised by Society, hunted down by the righteous, scorned and neglected by the community, she is almost driven from bad to worse. Looking back, it is not difficult to find a certain justification for this treatment, in the general wish of mankind to maintain the purity of family life and an unblemished lineage. At least, that was the common argument of an elder generation. Signs are not wanting that their successors are inclined to take a view more akin to that of the poet Burns, who adjures his readers to "gently scan their brother man, still gentler sister woman." Among the pioneers of this more humane and generous view, a high place must be accorded to Miss May Sinclair, whose novel, *Kitty Tailleur* (Constable), furnishes a text for this meditation. Miss May Sinclair, if we may judge from her writing, has a mind of a singularly wholesome purity, a real purity, not the pretence of it which passes muster under the name of Puritanism. She has chosen a theme that could easily have been made offensive by that increasing horde of bad writers who pander to the baser passions. As a matter of fact, Sir Walter himself could not have treated it in a manner more kindly, healthy and open; so that, although facts are not blinked, the most prurient could not find a single line in the book to dwell upon. Kitty Tailleur is one of those erring sisters who have strayed far away from the conventional bonds. She is drawn by the authoress vigorously and clearly, yet with sympathy and understanding. Her fate is tragic, and yet the tragedy is worked out without any desire on the part of the writer to show that a stern punishment follows every crime. Her method is more touching, because more truly reflective of human nature. Poor Kitty comes to grief, not because she has grievously sinned, but because the course she has led has not petrified her finer feelings or destroyed her soul. It is the good in her that leads to an ending which has all the force of inevitableness. Staying in a quiet hotel at a famous watering-place, she meets a middle-aged widower, whose face is a sure indication of a mind that has been uncontaminated by contact with degradation. He is one of those who are eternally young because eternally innocent. His sunlit mind takes no impression from the dark side of life. Most of us know of such people, who pass along the highway of life glancing kindly at the other passengers whom they encounter, never searching for evil and never desirous of recognising, far less of denouncing it. They are saved partly by the merits of their own sunny dispositions, partly by the fact that the instinct of man and woman is always to show the best of their characters to such as these. As one person seems to have the faculty for drawing out what is vicious in his neighbours, so another always succeeds in bringing the best to the surface. Between Kitty and Robert Lucy a friendship begins which ends in love of a self-abnegating and disinterested kind. He has a sister who is like himself in character as well as in appearance, and it is his desire to make her acquainted with Kitty that convinces the latter of having for once met a disinterested lover:

> "There's no 'of course' about you; that's the charm of it. I shan't know until you're actually there."
>
> "I shall be there all right."
>
> "What? You'll come?"
>
> "Yes; and I'll bring my sister."
>
> "Your sister?" She drew back slightly. "Turn round, please—this way—and let me look at you."
>
> He turned laughing. Her eyes searched his face.
>
> "Yes; you meant that. Why do you want to bring your sister?"
>
> "Because I want you to know her."
>
> "Are you sure—quite—quite sure—that you want her to know me?"
>
> "Quite—quite sure. If you don't mind—if she won't bore you."
>
> "Oh, she won't bore me."

But neither brother nor sister is aware that Mrs. Tailleur has not only a past, but a very disagreeable present in the shape of a lover, who is thus described:

> His face was hard and of a fast-hardening, reddish-sallow colour, showing a light network of veins above the cheekbones. Hard, wiry wrinkles were about the outer corners of his eyes. He kept his small, reddish-gold moustache close clipped, so that it made his mouth look extraordinarily straight and hard. People who didn't know him were apt to mistake him for a soldier. (He was in the War Office, rather high up.) He had several manners, his official manner to persons calling at the War Office; his social manner, inimitably devout to women whom he respected; and his natural manner, known only in its perfection to women whom he did not respect. And under both of these he conveyed a curious and disagreeable impression of stern sensuality, as if the animal in him had worn to hardness, too.

Although the interest of the book centres chiefly in the woman, Miss Sinclair must delight those who know what the difficulties of writing fiction are with her presentation of the men, who, of course, have been invented for the purpose of bringing out certain qualities in the central figure. This man had been ready to give up Kitty. He had felt himself growing weary of her; but when he learnt that another man wanted to marry her, the dog-in-the-manger feeling, which is so often associated with life, comes upon him in full force, and although, according to the code of honour which he has picked up at school and college, he is prevented from betraying her, he knows enough of her nature to make the crafty appeal that brings about the final catastrophe. Lucy has two children, and although when confronted with the facts about his affianced wife he is ready to take the woman as she is with all her past and all her faults, she feels and he feels that he cannot marry her on account of the children. Very powerful is the effect shown upon the woman of contact with the innocence of childhood. She sees them in their beds, she wakens one of them, and in her own soul is awakened the wild and tender passion of motherhood. And so:

> She went into her own room, and threw herself on her bed and writhed there, torn by many pangs. The pang of the heart and the pang of the half-born spirit, struggling with the body that held it back from birth; and through it all the pang of the motherhood she had thwarted and disowned. Out of the very soil of corruption it pierced, sharp and pure, infinitely painful. It was almost indiscernible from the fierce exultation of her heart that had found fulfilment, and with the passion of her body that yet waited for its own.

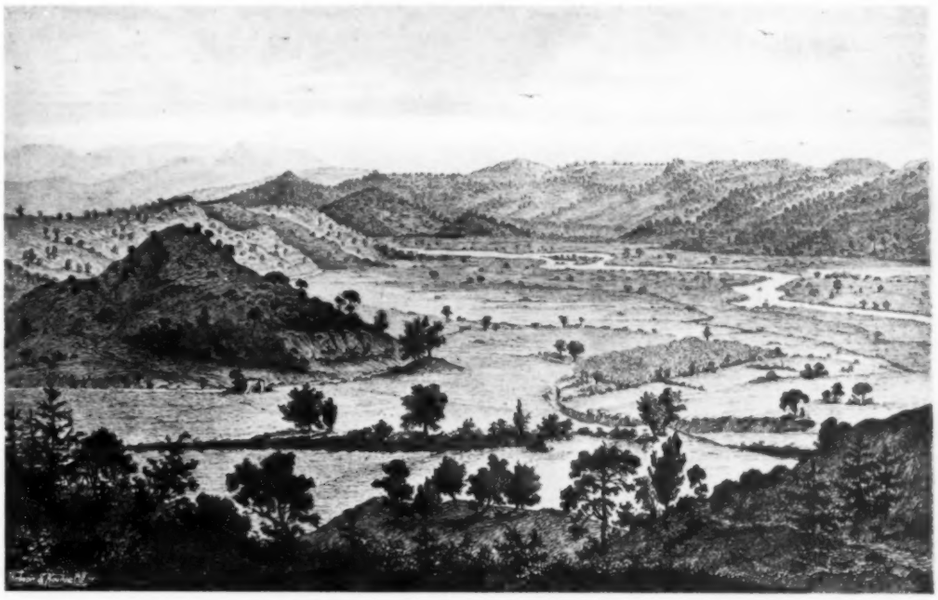
And thus she is driven to a renunciation that is at least one noble act in her life. We need not go into the details of the end, or dwell on the fact that even the materialistic Wilfrid was so moved that he would fain have married her himself. Her doom is to pass into outer darkness; but she passes with one small comfort, which is disclosed in a poignant conversation with Jane, the sister:

> She had not looked at Jane as they talked. Now she turned to her with eyes of anguish and appeal.
>
> "Janey—think. I've been wicked for years and years. I've only been good for one moment. One moment—when I gave Robert up. Do you think it'll count?"
>
> "I think that, in the sight of God, such moments last for ever."
>
> "And that's what you'll think of me by?"
>
> She lifted up her face, haggard and white, flame-spotted where her tears had scorched it. Jane kissed it.
>
> "Do you mind kissing me?"
>
> "My dear, my dear," said Jane, and she drew her closer.

Comment and moralisation on all this would, we feel, be useless. Miss Sinclair has touched issues of the deepest and tenderest kind. Passion and fate and death hover over her pages, and we cannot help thinking that her words must have a refining and health-giving influence upon all who read them. It is certainly not the voice of those who, on a celebrated occasion, were reproved by the greatest of all teachers.

THE OLYMPIC GAMES.—I.

IT is our modern habit to give great titles to trivial things. We think it no folly to write "Lyceum" upon the face of theatre or music-hall. There is nothing that may not be called an academy if only it bears no resemblance in purpose or aspect to the grove of Academe. But never were we more wantonly irrelevant than when we pompously described as the Olympic Games the International meeting of athletes, which this year is held in London. It is not enough that this meeting, also, recurs every fourth year. In character and purpose it is the very antithesis of the festival whose name it usurps. "Many a wondrous sight," said Pausanias, the industrious tourist of the second century, "may be seen, and not a few tales of wonder heard in Greece; but there is nothing on which the blessing of God rests in so full a measure as the rites of Eleusis and the Olympic Games." And no corner of Greece was more fit that this blessing should rest upon it than the plain of Olympia. There, where the Cladeus meets the Alpheus, once a valiant hunter, then changed to a river for love of Arethusa, was the precinct of the god. Sheltered by the hill of Cronus, fanned by the sea breeze which blew from the west, pleasantly wooded and carpeted with flowers, the famous plain merited the praise lavished upon it by poet and orator. The Temple of Zeus, surmounted by the pediments of Pæonius and Alcamenes, enclosed the precious image of the god, fashioned in gold and ivory by the hand of Phidias. Within the Altis (the name given to the precinct) was a grove of statues, dedicated in pious worship by triumphing athletes. Everywhere breathed the spirit of art. The sculptors celebrated in marble or bronze the victories which the poets sang. Above all, the games were an act of worship. It was in obedience to the god that the athletes ran and fought and wrestled. The sacred crown was valueless if it were not won in piety and honour. "That wherein God hath no part," says Pindar, "had better be left in silence." Before the games began, the athletes, their fathers, their brothers and their trainers, standing beside the image of Zeus, the God of Oaths, the image which held a thunderbolt in either hand and which struck terror into the soul of the wicked, solemnly swore that they would be guilty of no foul play. And when, as rarely happened, victory was bought and sold, it was the injury to God, not the injustice to man, that the Greeks deplored. Pausanias tells us that Damonicus, an Elean, the father of Polyctor, who was pitted against Sosander in the wrestling match, was so ardently desirous to see his son victorious that he bribed Sosander's father. The guilty father was punished, and Pausanias's comment is characteristic: "It is strange," says he, "in any case that a man should have no respect for the god of Olympia, and should give or take a bribe for the contest; but it is stranger still that one of the Eleans themselves should have dared to do so." And Pindar echoed the same thought when he called Olympia "Mother of golden crown contests! Queen of Truth."



THE PLAIN OF OLYMPIA BEFORE THE EXCAVATIONS.

As from other religious festivals, so from the Olympic Games women were sternly excluded. They were not allowed even to cross the river on the days whereon the festival was held. Pausanias, indeed, points out a precipitous mountain, named Trypaeum, from which any woman found transgressing this law of Elis might be cast down. The cruel punishment was never inflicted, as only one woman, Callipatira, was ever caught in the Stadium, and then with the noblest motive; for, her husband being dead, she disguised herself as a trainer and brought her son a competitor to Olympia. And maternal solicitude was not her only ground of excuse. Her father and her brothers had won the olive crown as well as her son, and how could the Eleans punish so resolute a lady? "But," says Pausanias, with admirable simplicity, "they made a law that for the future trainers must enter the lists naked." And the games were religious not merely in character, but in origin. Like most other things in Greece, they were surrounded in the general fancy with legends of gods and heroes. The mythology which turned all that it touched to poetry did not pass them by. Cronus, they say, was worshipped in the plain of Olympia before Zeus was born, and when the Curetes came from Ida to take charge of him, Hercules, the eldest of them, set his brothers to run a race, and

A RECONSTRUCTION OF OLYMPIA IN CLASSICAL TIMES.

crowned the winner with the wild olive, which he had brought to Greece from the land beyond the north wind. Here, too, it is said, Zeus wrestled a fall with father Cronus for the kingdom; here Apollo outstripped Hermes in the foot-race, and conquered Ares in a boxing match. So we emerge from the light of mythology into the dimness of primitive history. We are told of King Oxylus, the last to hold the games until Iphitus, a wise lover of ancient things, restored them. At first there was but one event—a foot-race, once the length of the Stadium. The double foot-race, the pentathlum, wrestling and boxing were presently added, and when the games were a century old, Pagondas the Theban won a race in a four-horse chariot. What the games won in variety they lost in honour, and Pausanias deplores the holding of a cart-race, which, said he, "had neither antiquity nor dignity to recommend it." How, indeed, should a cart-race appease the god, or flatter the athlete?

In the period of Olympia's splendour the competitors were not merely worshippers of the gods: they were also high-minded sportsmen. Eagerly as the crown was coveted, it was never won by cleverness or sharp practice. "Great is his glory," writes Pindar, "on whom the splendour of thy honour waiteth," and the honour of Olympia could wait on none who was false to the oath which he had sworn on the altar of Zeus. And who were they who took part in the games? They were Greeks, all. The Olympic festival was a festival of Pan-Hellenism. Greek citizenship was the one and only passport. Thus were held together in the bonds of a common worship, a common ambition, the citizens of all the Greek States. No proclamations were sent to the ends of the earth. The privilege of competition was granted only to those of pure descent. And while the games were held a truce interrupted the most obstinate war. Implacable foes met in an interval of peace as amiable rivals. Nor was there at the outset any taint of professionalism. It was a festival of the great and wealthy, since only they could achieve the long journeys from their far-distant homes to Olympia, taking with them the chariots, the horses and the trainers, the camp-followers of sport. From Sicily and Libya, from Rhodes and Tenedos, from Argos and Aegina they came, bringing peace and goodwill, and resolved, if they could, to carry back to their home the crown of wild olive which was enough of itself to confer immortality.

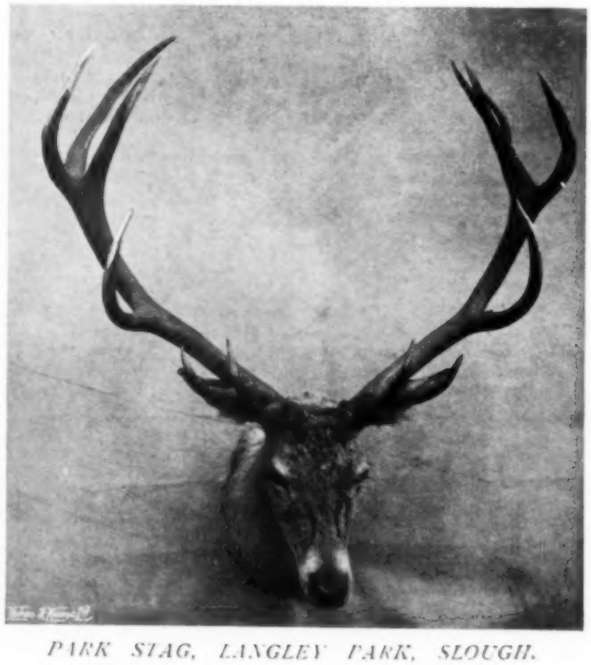
Never was a great contest distinguished by so plain a reward. No costly vases, no heavy silver cups glutted the greed of pot-hunters. The wild olive had no value of itself, yet it conferred upon him that might wear it an imperishable fame. It gave a glory to life and brought a solace to the grave. "He that hath done honourable deeds taketh no thought of death." That is how Pindar concludes the matter, and it is not strange that Ladas, a boy who died as he won the foot-race, should have inspired a sculptor with a masterpiece and have passed heroically to the sky. But the olive crown was not the only reward of the victorious athlete. If he were fortunate, he might hear his deeds celebrated in Epinician verse. When the contests were over, it might be his joy to listen in his supper-room or under the stars at the door of his house to the praises of his exploits sung by the greatest of poets, to hear the splendid commonplaces of myth and victory expressed in Pindar's far-sought images and golden words. "Water is best and gold which excelleth like fire in the night, but never shall we find greater games than those of Olympia to celebrate with our voice." As the games of Olympia outshone all others, as their victors surpassed their rivals of Nemea and Isthmus, so Pindar sang an ampler strain than any other poet of Greece. The fame of Hiero, tyrant of Syracuse, who won the horse-race in 472 B.C., is made eternal in his lofty verse. And what must have been the pride of Psaumis of Camarina, in whose honour Pindar's ode was sung by the friends who brought him after victory to the altar of Zeus? It was for such rewards as these that the Greeks lived and died. And as the athletes were honoured in the poet's verse, so they were honoured in the bronze and marble of the sculptor. The statues of the victors, which were set up in the sacred precinct, were dedicated to the god, and the privilege of dedication was esteemed as highly as the wild olive itself. By their statues of athletes Polycletus and Myron and Lysippus won an enduring fame, and the reflection that no modern sculptor has found a fitting subject in cricketer or runner suggests that in our days there yawns a wide chasm between Art and Life.

But besides those who took part in the games a vast concourse of sightseers, pedlars, orators and poets thronged the Olympic plain at the first full moon after the summer solstice in every fourth year. For many weeks before the festival and after the highways of Greece, by sea and land, were packed with eager travellers. No one who had merchandise to sell or talent to approve stayed at home at this time of truce and praise. Only in the South of Europe may we still discover some signs of that impulse which sent Greeks to the festival of Zeus at Olympia. In the fair which takes place every spring at Sevilie, in the feast of San Isidro which every May unites the Spaniards at Madrid, we are reminded of the greatest fair of ancient times, and the ceremonial of the bull-fight is not wholly different from the ceremonial of the Olympic Stadium. It is in Spain, then, and not in the neighbourhood of Shepherd's Bush, that we must look for a survival of an antique festival.

CHARLES WHIBLEY.

GERMAN AND BRITISH RED DEER HEADS.

IT is doubtful whether any show of sporting trophies in these islands would produce the same amount of interest as that which is taken in the exhibition of stag fallow and roe heads held annually in Berlin. Yet, if such a show was exhibited every year in London, or possibly in Inverness, at the end of the hunting year, there is not the least doubt that great interest would be aroused and that numbers of British sportsmen would contribute the results of their skill with the rifle in these islands and in foreign lands. The number of hunters of all kinds is greatly on the increase among our wealthier classes, and the well-deserved popularity of stalking in every form is growing at an amazing rate. The pleasure, too, of hanging on the walls of the house a fine head of some deer or antelope, obtained after weeks of toil and travel, is one that is especially dear to Englishmen, who are, and have always been, pioneers in this branch of the chase. The recent exhibition of hunting trophies held in Berlin on January 27th last, and of which some excellent figures of the best heads appeared in COUNTRY LIFE (February 8th, 1908), seemed to me to strike one false note, namely, the importance that was attached to heads of red deer killed within artificial enclosures, and attributing to them the honour which properly belongs only to animals enjoying perfect freedom. Some of the finest trophies came from Prince Henry of Pless's hunting-ground in Upper Silesia, which is a fenced area of about 27,500 acres. To men who understand the requirements that are necessary to produce fine deer heads, it is plain that only the best trophies can be obtained in such ground where shelter, absolute protection and high feeding can be ensured at all seasons; but should we admit as a wild animal, and present the lucky sportsman who shot it with a silver medal, a stag shot by Count Hugo Henckel von Donnersmarck which was killed in an enclosed "forest" having an area of 3,500 acres, a space scarcely larger than Savernake or Windsor? It is ridiculous to imagine that any skill is required to shoot the stag in question during the rutting season, for every sportsman knows that in parks of this description it is easy to walk up to within 70yds. of any animal which he may desire to approach. If such trophies as are admitted at the Berlin exhibition were allowed in a collection of hunting trophies, we in England could hold a very respectable show of stags' heads of over 40in., which in point of measurement might be a little inferior to modern German specimens, while in the number of points no very recent German heads would surpass the best examples from Warnham Court, Sussex. The span of the best German heads is, however, generally superior to those of our trophies; but the circumference of the burrs is not greater than best British park



PARK STAG, LANGLEY PARK, SLOUGH.

deer. Unfortunately, German sportsmen have not quite the same methods of measuring stags' heads as ourselves; for in some descriptions given by Mr. J. L. Bashford the heights of the heads are between no specified points, while the length of horn, to us a most important feature, is omitted.

It may be of interest to readers of COUNTRY LIFE to see some pictures, one a sketch and the other a photograph, of the two best park stag heads of a normal even type, and similar to the heads of wild deer which have come under my notice. The first is the head of a straw-coloured stag presented to me by Sir Robert Harvey, and killed in Langley Park, Slough, in 1866. Length, 41⅛in.; circumference between bay and tray, 5in.; inside width, 32in.; spread, 41in.; points, 13. The second figure is a sketch of a head killed in Lord Ilchester's park at Melbury, Dorset. Length, 42½in.; circumference between bay and tray, 6⅞in.; spread, 40in.; points, 12. The sire of this unusual head was a two year old pricket, which somewhat disposes of the theory that young stags cannot create good stock. What, I think, will be of greater interest to British sportsmen is the picture of the head of the finest wild Scotch stag I have ever seen. No reproduction of this remarkable head has ever appeared, and for general all-round qualities I consider that it deserves the first place among Highland heads killed since the beginning of the last century. This may seem a somewhat exaggerated statement, for stags' heads of unusual merit have been obtained in many Highland forests. Yet I have made a point of inspecting the best collections and individual heads of merit, and though a few heads, such as the Athole 40in. head, the Eskadale Wood stag killed in 1892, Lord Tweedmouth and Mr. Baillie's Royals, Mr. Bowlby's 14-pointer, etc., and a few others one could mention, approach it in general excellence, there is, nevertheless, the undisputed claim of perfect symmetry, long and well-shaped points, dark and well-pearled horns, and, most fundamental of all, 40in. long and 4cin. span. What other Highland head has such a claim?

For over a century, and possibly much longer, a few wood deer, that are an outbreak from Athole and Drummond Hill, or perhaps a mixture of both, have frequented the chain of thick woods that extend from Aberfeldy to Murthly in the Tay Valley. These have always been deer of great size and undisputed cunning; now and then one was killed, but not often, and in my youth I have seen dropped horns picked up by keepers and exhibited with open-mouthed astonishment. I have chased them myself, but only once saw one, when a noble Royal, of what seemed gigantic proportions, burst from a covert at Murthly and left me wondering and helpless at 80yds. with nothing but a shot-gun in my hand. That good old sportsman, Mr. Athole Macgregor, killed one of these muckle harts at Craig Vinian some few years ago, and I have seen others; but it was not till 1899 that the great Royal was slain by a farmer near Aberfeldy as a revenge for nocturnal attacks on his corn. The head came to Mr. Malloch in Perth, who at once sent for me to see it. As I was going away to stalk, I asked my old friend Mr. Sydney Steel, one of the best artists of deer we have, to make a drawing of the head, and that sketch he has kindly allowed me to copy for COUNTRY LIFE.

J. G. MILLAIS.

WILD SCOTCH STAG'S HEAD

A SALMON STREAM.

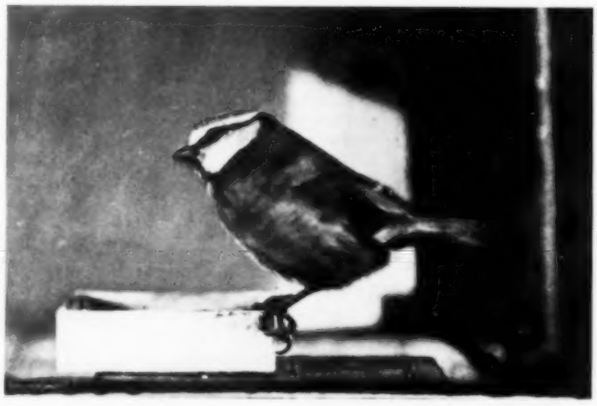
IT was in October, and the willow scrub on the mountain sides had turned to flaring yellow, in high contrast with the blue-black foliage of the spruce forest, which filled the steep gorges with a deep shadow. Upon the highest peaks the first new snow had lately fallen, and wreathed festoons of mist were hanging above the blue-faced glaciers. The lacquer on the high snowfields and the filigree-work of crusted cornice blazed white on the sky-line. At the head of the mountain-locked bay a creek fell into the sea, and its valley, two furlongs wide and heavily timbered with larch and hemlock, was shut in by bluff granite ramparts on either hand. A low roar told of swift water churning over boulders and of many chattering gravel-bars. Mountain goats browsed on bush and lichen on the bare scarps, showing as staring white spots on the grey background when they turned their broadsides to the sun. A sickening and unbearable stench filled the air—a heavy nauseous smell that lay far out upon the surface of the sea around the mouth of that pestilential stream; a smell to be remembered with loathing and not easily to be forgotten. The autumn run of fish was at its height. Well-nigh incredible were their numbers, thronging from unknown and distant deeps towards the spawning-ground, driven by a mad, consuming passion which carries them to certain death. For of the two species of salmon running up the stream—Oncorhynchus gorbuscha and O. keta—none returns to the sea after spawning; but those stalwarts which survive the perils of the way leave the remnants of their carcases to rot upon the bars and their skeletons to bleach in the shallows of the upper reaches. O. gorbuscha is small, being of no more than from 4lb. to 8lb. in weight. His scales are minute, numbering upwards of 200 in the lateral line, and there are oblong black blotches on back and tail. His local name of Humpback is derived from a curious distortion in the back of the male fish during the breeding season. The dog-salmon, O. keta, is a larger fish, of from 10lb. to 30lb. Where the current met the tide at the foot of the first riffle, thousands of their dead bodies, yellow and discoloured, were rolled back and forth upon grey sands by an

incoming swell. Looking up and down the creek, the surface was broken and spotted by a myriad black backs and slowly-moving tails. Along either bank countless fish teemed in the shallows and choked the backwaters; in the deeper and stiller pools their massed bodies hid the boulders of the creek-bed. They would dash madly against and between the legs of a man while fording, almost tripping him; he would step upon them in the shallower water, where there was no room between the fish to set foot to bottom, and be soaked from knee to head by their crazed splashing. For mile after mile there was no change; thousands lay scorching on the bars, thousands were climbing purling tributary creeklets through a few inches of water that plashed downwards between shining rocks; and always the main stream brawled on its way to the sea, carrying tens of thousands of their dead. They were in the shallow upland reaches, bruised and battered, with the membrane stripped from the rays of fin and tail, but still gamely fighting their way inch by inch to the spawning-ground. They paused, gasping, in the shoals and eddies, helpless and half rotten, blotched with a yellow fungus. Innumerable freshly-run fish, stale fish, putrid fish, dull in colour or glittering in scale-armour of black, purple and gold, lay beneath the pitiless sun and the hot blue of the sky; of all sizes and shapes, from the hook-nosed, red-striped male of the dog salmon, with his cruel and terrific recurved fangs, to the little female of the hump-back, slim and trout-like, and the rank smell of them left a deadly taste in the mouth. And there, about the lower reaches and around the mouth of the stream, were gathered together all the beasts, birds and fish that prey upon salmon—were gathered to a royal, to an imperial feast. Wolves and eagles, ravens and bears, mink and crows, otter and racoon were indefatigably fattening themselves against the coming winter. Rolling clouds of blow-flies gave out a deep, droning note; hollows and depressions in the sands were level with writhing white maggots. Gull, gadwall, Arctic tern, mallard, blue-winged teal, kittiwake and widgeon battened on the maggots and the scattered ova. Bears of highly fastidious taste marched out on to the gravel-bars at broad noon, clawing fish out of the eddies. Many a one would be discarded and left to gasp his life out on the hot boulders, with five deep gashes in his back, before one was chosen; but whether the discarded were thought to be too rotten or not rotten enough, could not be satisfactorily determined at the moment. Some authorities aver that the bear prefers his fish putrid; but an inspection of heads and tails—which are invariably eschewed—of recently-eaten fish always revealed the fact that they had belonged to freshly-run individuals. In no one case of upwards of a hundred examined could it have been said that the bear had chosen a fish less fresh, or more rotten, than it might have been. An endless procession of dog-fish (Squalus acanthias) passed and re-passed before the river mouth, attacking with infinite ferocity the shoals of salmon making their way thither, chasing them up stream into the clear fresh water; and perhaps while blindly dashing at their prey casting themselves bodily over a pebble ridge into some still pool, from which there could be no escape. The presence of portions of their bodies here and there upon the banks made it seem probable that at times the bear does not disdain even so coarse a meal. And it may be said that the dog-fish, on his part, displays no false delicacy in returning the compliment if the chance should be offered; for the carcases of two bears, hurriedly skinned late in the evening and left upon the beach at low tide, were found at dawn the next morning to have been reduced to no more than the polished bones. Between 400lb. and 500lb. of tough meat and sinew had been stripped from them in a few hours.

In dealing with the subject of the salmon run, the idea which becomes insistent is that here, indeed, is a terrible waste of very excellent food. A generous estimate would not allow that more than a tithe of the fish is able to spawn successfully. A guess—necessarily wild, but based upon an actual count of fish in 200 square yards of shallows, which amounted to 600 salmon of the two species—might suggest 250,000 as the number of the prematurely dead; at 5lb. weight for each fish over 600 tons of available human nourishment is wasted on one stream alone, and there are many similar rivers on the British Columbia Coast. In about six months from the time of fertilisation—or, to be more precise, 196 days in the case of O. gorbuscha, and 188 days in that of O. keta—the ova will hatch. How the tender fry will meet and survive the howling yellow flood of the following April, when the piled up snows of winter melt and fill the roaring creek bank high, is a matter for wide conjecture. But it is clear that a certain number of them do survive, for having found the sea safely, and run the gauntlet of all the terrors of the deep for an unknown span of years, they reappear at their allotted time, full-grown, at the mouth of their native stream; fighting upwards to the headsprings, as their parents did before them; sacrificing themselves perhaps to the very beasts and birds which had chased their forbears through the rainbow spray. It may be pertinently asked, "Where are the Indians for whom until lately these fish have been almost a necessary of life?" Rude drying stages and wrecked hovels, built of poles, cedar slabs and driftwood, lie at the mouth of every creek. As the aborigines become more tainted with civilisation by intercourse with the white man, the more they are given to neglect and ignore their former activities, and to conform to habits of life and an environment to which but few of them ever can become accustomed. They gather into communities with Roman Catholic Fathers for centres of attraction, and they live in band-box houses of precise and depraved architecture embellished with cacochromatic decorations. The picturesque communal rancherias of cyclopean build are left to the wolf and the heron. Upon a window-sill in every alternate villa in the new Mission village a gramophone of the latest type shrieks music-hall songs of London and New York to distressed forest and mountain. The children stagger under grotesque and top-heavy Parisian head-dresses. The women-folk have their sewing machines, manicure sets and perambulators; the men their gramophones, donkey engines and logging outfits. They make so much money on their own account by logging and kindred employments that a simple and effectual method of getting rid of it has become at times a pressing question, since the presiding padre, to his credit, has been able to suppress the whisky traffic. Thus when the weekly steamer ties up to the Mission float she unloads crates of Californian grapes, of Fiji bananas, boxes of apples and oranges, pears and pineapples and other delicacies supplied by a widely-distributed foreign trade. In addition the peripatetic dry-goods-store motor-boat, by displays of high-coloured Japanese silk handkerchiefs and shawls, easily coaxes from the women whatever they have been able to coax from the men. From one point of view it is pitiable that the Indian should desert his natural habits, and ignore the beasts, birds and fish against which his ancestors pitted their wits for uncounted generations. Instead of throwing a weir of saplings and brush across a difficult stream to trap his salmon, he idly sprawls upon the beach in the sun wolfing it out of a 1lb. can, to be followed, it is likely, by a formidably bad cigar, or, dressed in a monstrous uniform of rifle-green cloth trimmed with silver braid, he blows himself hoarse upon a trombone, instead of laying his line of traps far out into the wastes of snow.

THE INITIAL FLIGHT OF SMALL BIRDS.

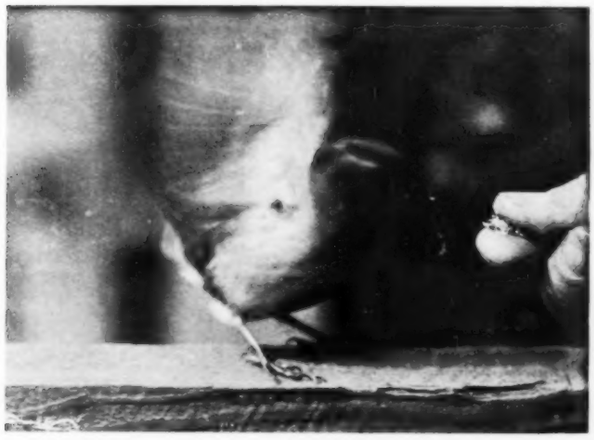
IN COUNTRY LIFE of December 26th, 1903, the writer ventured to put together a few notes on a subject most difficult of observation. Most of us often see small birds rise in flight, but it is all done so quickly that the eye cannot distinguish the several movements. The conclusion of the previous article—a conclusion reached by means of the camera—was "that the first action of a small bird about to fly is to raise its wings to their full height, and that this action is complete before there is any movement of head, body, or legs." This conclusion is by no means obvious. The wing action is so quick that it escapes notice, whereas the movement of the legs in the spring off is slower, and forces itself on the attention. Thus the writer of an article in these pages of October 26th, 1907, states quite confidently: "All birds take off with a jump before they bring their wings into play." This article is meant to corroborate my former conclusion, showing that small birds bring their wings into play before they take off with a jump. It is also my purpose to explain some apparent exceptions. Examine closely the first illustration of the present article. The subject is a blue tit that has flown up to my window from the garden for nut-crumbs. The bird is so tame as to allow me to photograph it quite close to the camera, without any concealment, two-thirds of the natural



BLUE TIT: WINGS IN RAPID MOTION.

size. During the snap-shot the bird's legs have remained absolutely still; eye, head and beak exhibit no signs of motion. But notice the wings and tail. "Oh! but it looks as though the bird had no wings and two tails!" While the plate was exposed there was manifestly an uplifting of the tail, and closer scrutiny proves that the wings were in rapid motion at the same time. There are faint lines of movement across the body, though the body itself is still, and signs of the wing feathers when only slightly raised may be observed just above the rump. The exposure of the plate was one-thirtieth of a second. Almost the whole time the wings were in rapid motion upwards; consequently the body feathers beneath the wing were all exposed to view and were recorded on the photographic plate. So near was the bird to the camera that the swiftly-moving wings have left almost no token of their presence in the photograph. This probably is partly due to their being out of focus during most of the movement. The motion of the tail upwards is well marked

HEDGE-SPARROW FLYING FROM GROUND.



HEN CHAFFINCH FLYING OFF FENCE.

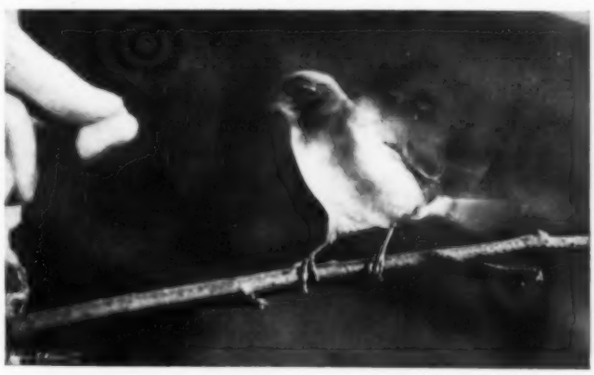
in the print. All other parts of the bird have remained absolutely motionless; claws and toes, legs and body, head, beak, eye, all suggest repose, and give not the slightest indication of the rapid movement of flight that has already begun.

I thought it well to try and secure a photograph of a bird flying from the ground. The second illustration is of a hedge-sparrow starting to fly up from an asphalt garden path. The bird is obviously frightened and did not at all like coming so near the camera. In the print the upward movements of wings and tail are well marked. All else is at rest. The bird started flying up from the ground in exactly the same way as birds rise in flight from a perch or branch. The third illustration bears out the same conclusion. It is of a hen chaffinch that has been eating nut-crumbs from my fingers, while standing on a wooden paling. The noisy shutter of the camera made it start to fly away during the exposure. The movements of wings and tail are evident, but otherwise the bird has remained quite still. I next endeavoured to frighten a bird into flight while it was on the stretch for a piece of nut at my window perch. I wanted to see whether its first movement would be to draw back its head and neck or to raise its wings. As the fourth illustration shows, the bird, in spite of being in a most uncomfortably extended position while trying to pull the nut from my fingers, raised its wings before any other movement began. The camera was a little quicker in starting than the bird. The wing feathers are consequently shown at rest, while the upward movement of the wings appears as a kind of vapour rising from the bird's back. The next illustration is most interesting. It seems to militate against the analysis of initial flight I am suggesting. Here there is clearly movement of the head, not after, but accompanying the movement of the wings and tail. This photograph, I must confess, rather disappointed me at first. What is its explanation? There has manifestly been no spring from the legs during the upraising of the wings. Nor has the body been raised or lowered. What happened was this: The bird heard the noise of the shutter, and simply moved its head to see what was the matter. This head movement coincided in time with, though quite independent of, the raising of its wings and tail to fly. This head movement is not therefore a real difficulty. The position of the wings is interesting. They seem to show that small birds raise their wings well over their backs before spreading out the wing feathers. This causes less resistance of the air to the quick upraising of the wings. The final illustration shows the fullest possible expansion of the wings just as the down stroke begins. The bird was already moving off in flight before the lens had completed its work. This is shown by the movement of the bits of nut in the bird's beak upwards and outwards. The chaffinch looks as though it was dancing a *pas seul*. A pretty posture is revealed by the camera which is quite missed by the eye owing to its transitoriness.

The conclusion to be drawn from the illustrations of this article as well as from those of the previous article is the same. A small bird's first movement in starting to fly is to raise its wings. But what about the tail? At the time of writing the previous article I was puzzled. It was not clear to me then how the tail was used. In some photographs the tail feathers showed no signs of movement at all. Now after carefully examining about thirty photographs of initial flight—it is useless

FLIGHT FROM AWKWARD POSITION.

to watch the birds themselves merely with the eye, the motion is too quick to be analysed—I have come to the conclusion that the tail is almost always raised with the wings, and that there is a down stroke of the tail with expanded tail feathers accompanying the first down stroke of the wings. This tail action assists the bird to rise in flight. Occasionally the bird does not seem to trouble to use its tail when it is merely flying and not rising from the perch or branch. There are some apparent exceptions to this manner of initial flight of small birds. Chaffinches sometimes at my window quietly hop off the ledge and fall some yards before bringing their wings into play. In this case, flight does not begin when they leave the window-sill. They are merely economising effort and jumping down part of the way. Their flight begins with the first wing action changing and governing their descent. Birds that are moulting have some difficulty in rising from the ground owing to lack of feathers. I have often seen robins and other small birds in this state deliberately crouch before raising their wings to fly. The preliminary crouching helps them to



WINGS RAISED—FEATHERS NOT EXPANDED.

make a better spring off, but this spring is not made before the wings are making their first down stroke. It is not uncommon to see a blackbird or thrush give two or three preliminary hops when about to fly, getting up velocity in the direction of flight. This makes a running start, but, no doubt, the final jump coincides in time with the first down stroke of the wings, and does not precede it. I have been examining a swift that came into my room. I placed it on my hand, and the bird had no difficulty in flying off. Its sharp claws drew blood from my finger. I next placed the bird on a smooth board. The swift, after one or two attempts, raised its body somewhat by means of its wings. These were expanded, and pressed the board with a considerable muscular effort. When the body was thus raised up, so that the toes were clear of the board, a quick, short stroke of the wings did all the rest, and the bird was flying round my room. It remains to consider the initial spring that birds make in starting to fly. The writer intends giving the result of his observations in a third and concluding article.

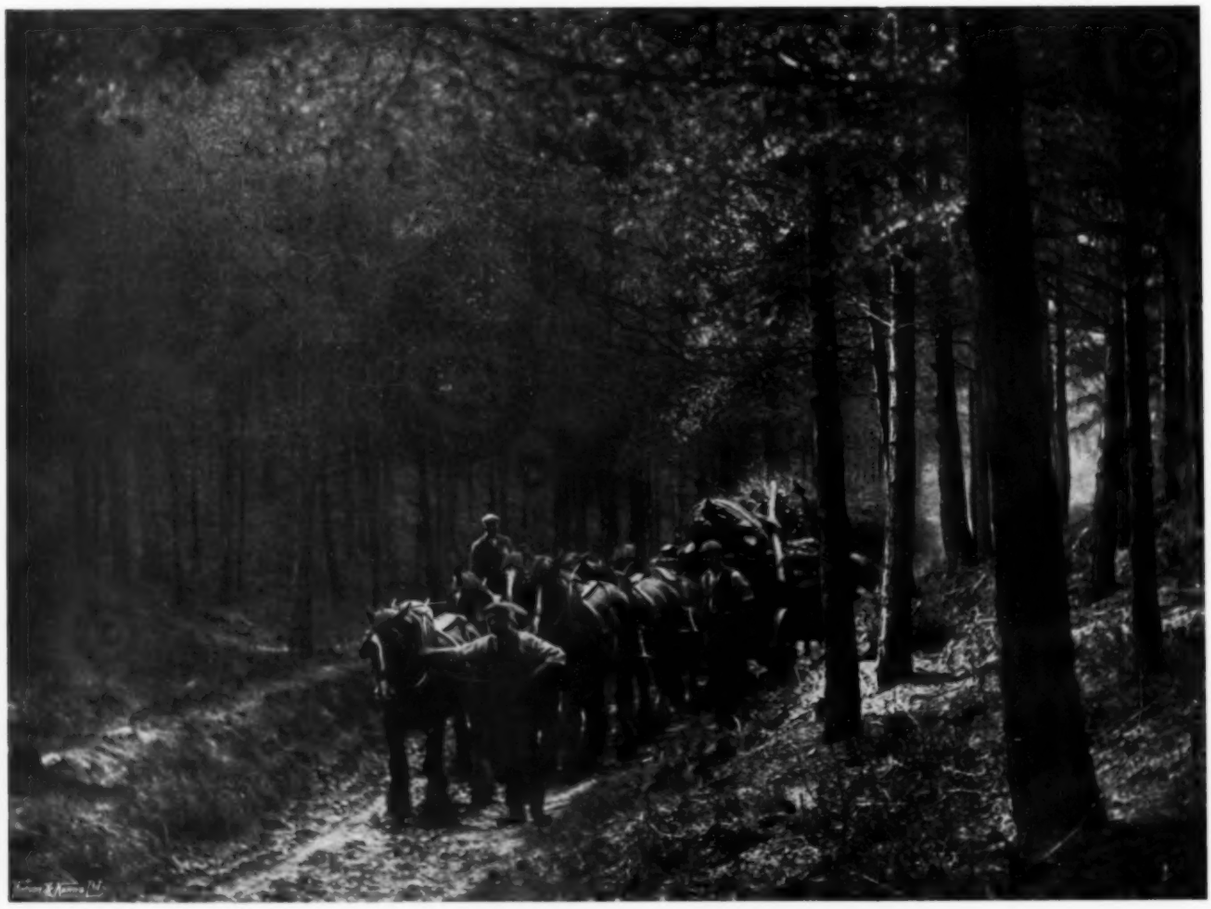
BERNARD BUTLER.

A DANSEUSE.

THE WOODMAN'S CRAFT.

THE cutting of underwood is nearly over for the year. The small, short axe and the billhook, the adze and the shaver, will soon give place to the "spud" and the "punyard" for bark stripping, and to the long-handled woodman's axe and the saw for tree felling. In most well-managed woods, such as that of the Duke of Norfolk of 700 acres, extending from Henfold to Leigh, Surrey (in which most of the accompanying photographs were taken), the cutting of all underwood is finished by March 15th. At other places the wood contractors have to finish their work by the 25th of the month, while in woods owned by careless landlords the cutting is allowed to continue into April, when the sap will have begun to rise. A wood contractor will pay about £2 an acre where the underwood is clean and good; that is to say, where hazel, beech, hornbeam and ash abound, and where the woodman is not beset by blackthorn and bramble. Old woodmen complain that the woods are not looked after in the way that they used to be; that the big trees are allowed to grow too thickly upon the ground, and the underwood to run too tall and get out of hand; that saplings left to grow under these circumstances will never be anything but "rubbishy" trees; and that rabbits are allowed to breed too freely. They damage the young shoots from the stubs in their first year's growth, and in many cases kill the life of the stub.

The most difficult branches of a woodman's craft are making hurdles and hoops. The hurdler is the king of woodmen. He has little competition nowadays, for the art of weaving hazels into hurdles has to be learnt in the days of one's youth, and there are few boys now apprenticed to the craft. A hurdler is paid at the rate of 5d. a hurdle, and some are capable of making a dozen a day. His pay is well earned, for it is hard, incessant work. The man who can cleave hazels and shave them into hoops can earn his 4s. or 5s. a day; but those who can both cleave and shave are not to be found as easily now as they used to be. The cleaving is done with an adze with great dexterity, on the top of a narrow post. The split stick is then taken into the woodman's hut, generally roofed with his shavings, and there placed upon his "brake" and shaved with the two-handled



B. Lewdnes. *CARTING BRANCHES.* Copyright.

shaver. The demand for hoops, too, has fallen in an age in which iron is triumphant. The chief customers are the brewers and the sugar packers. The French are our woodmen's greatest competitors, for, owing to the importation of cheap hoops and ash walking-sticks from France, they are not able to turn to such good account the straighter stems of the ash, the hazel and the blackthorn. An erect pile of neatly-bundled white hoops is a conspicuous feature of a wood which has been cut at this time of the year. These bundles are tightly tied together with withes drawn taut with the aid of two wooden levers and a thong. The heaps of shavings, looking like gigantic white turkey feathers, are sold for lighting fires.

The feathery, graceful tops of the beech and the hornbeam and hazel will make splendid pea-boughs, and while these are being cut the woodman is careful to note if the stem remaining can be utilised as a bean-stick, a rail or a hurdle-wand. In this way an expert woodman will make every stroke with the billhook a telling one, and bundles of pea-boughs will be cut to varying lengths, some 5ft. and others 7ft. or 8ft. long. The bean-poles are finally trimmed to 8ft. lengths, measured between two sticks stuck into the ground. Both pea-boughs and bean-sticks are made up in bundles of twenty-five, by withes of hazel, beech or oak. When these bundles are taken by the wood merchant to the nearest town they are generally sold at prices which should bring a good profit to the retailer. For instance, I know a wood merchant who has contracted to cut a large piece of the Duke of Norfolk's underwood, and some 3,000 or 4,000 bundles of pea-boughs will be sold by him to retailers at about 3d. a bundle. These will be sold again at 6d. He will probably realise 5d. or 6d. a bundle on his bean-sticks, which are sold again at from 9d. to 1s. a bundle. In cutting the woodman must keep an eye on stems suitable for staking fruit trees, for hoe or rake handles, and his blows will make or mar many a length of useful wood. There is nothing to beat oak for posts or stakes, and larch comes very near it for durability. Larch posts are in great demand for private gardens; they are more attractive and cheaper to buy than oak. A 6ft. oak post will cost about 10d. or 1s., whereas a larch or fir post may be bought for 6d. or 8d. Ash makes better rails than posts, and its bark should always be stripped to keep the red insect from finding harbourage. Ash posts, to last any length of time, must be well tarred after stripping. The most economical fence that I have ever had is one made entirely of oak poles, and for these 14ft. poles I gave 2d. apiece, using the thickest of them for posts. These I had pointed and tarred, and driven in with a "beetle" in wet weather when the ground was soft and sodden with moisture. Ash, willow, birch and chestnut often cost as much, but none of these is as good as oak. All the crooked or "cord wood" is chopped up into logs, and the smaller or uneven wood tied into bundles of "households," and the dead wood picked up makes excellent bundles of faggots. A sapling, called a "spleech," is left in a clump here and there, and by being bent down and one end pegged into the earth and covered by a sod fresh roots are formed, and the small shoots on the branch form in time a new clump of underwood.

TRIMMING ROUND WITH THE MATTOCK

BARK-STRIPPING.

F. E. Green *SAWING THE BOLE.* Copyright

During April and May the oak trees are felled. This is the time for bark stripping, when the sap is rising, for it is only then that the bark peels readily. It is stripped off the trunk while the tree still stands with a "spud" or by the long "punyard." Two circular cuts, at a distance of 3ft. or 4ft., are made round the trunk, and into a perpendicular cut made from one circle to the other the spud is inserted and the stripping begins. When the trunk is peeled the claws of the tree are severed and the base cut into for a few inches with the axe on the side on which it is intended that the tree shall fall. All being made clear at the "sink" of the tree the sawing begins. After the tree is felled the bark is immediately stripped from the branches, for if left lying over three days the task is rarely attempted. Owing to the falling prices for oak bark, due to the use of chemicals for tanning, trees are often felled now without being stripped. For instance, the stripped and dried bark of the oak tree, which twenty years ago would have been valued at £10 a ton, will realise now little more than £3, and wood that was sold for £10 an acre will not nowadays realise much more than £3. The stumps of large oaks or elms take a great deal of labour to uproot; sometimes it will take one man a week to get one of these right out of the ground. It generally pays to let a tree uproot itself by digging round its roots and severing the main root. A mattock for chopping the roots and a "beetle" for driving wedges to split the stump are the usual implements used for the work. Very often it is possible to obtain a vanload of wood from one stump alone, and such fuel is always prized by country housewives.

F. E. GREEN.

B. Lewdnes. *A NOBLE TEAM.* Copyright.

IN THE GARDEN.

THE LONG-SPURRED COLUMBINE.

SOME interesting notes on this charming flower have been sent to the writer, from which one has been tempted to make extracts. They have been sent by the Rev. Joseph Jacob, whose delightful lecture on "The Tulip" at the Horticultural Club will be remembered by those who either heard it or read the reports subsequently published. The Long-spurred Columbines are among the most popular flowers in the garden, and in the summer months an exhibition is rarely without a group, the forms shown by Messrs. Veitch and Sons of Chelsea appealing to one from their dainty and varied colouring and the true spurred shape.

With regard to the origin of the flower, three species have been responsible—A. cærulea, introduced from the Rocky Mountains in 1864, A. californica from North America and A. chrysantha from California in 1873. These different forms seem to cross with one another very freely, so that it has become impossible to say where one begins and the other ends. They are all distinguished by their very long spurs, and in the Cærulea types the prevailing tones are blues, lavenders, purples and pinks, in Californica red shades and in Chrysantha yellow and white. Most seed lists catalogue Aquilegia cærulea hybrida, and a considerable number A. californica hybrida and A. chrysantha hybrida. Purchasers, however, should remember that, owing to their freedom of intercrossing and generally unstable character, these definitions and distinctions are only approximately true. Then our correspondent writes of their usefulness, to which we have already referred. As he well points out, they are excellent as cut flowers. They are so elegant in themselves that they want but little arrangement, only a few of their own large leaves put in the bottom of the bunch. They are equally adaptable to large and small vases; and their last, but by no means least, qualification is that they last well. "I tried some myself this year and found that three vases of flowers which were put on my dining-table at midday one Wednesday remained quite fresh until the following Sunday, and then when I had cut a few old blooms away went on for another two days. The only thing that was done to them was the keeping of the vases full of water." We will not enter into the point referred to by Mr. Jacob of growing the plants in pots, but the following hints about their culture for the open garden are instructive. The long-spurred race—and we quite agree with the writer in this statement—is not quite as robust as the short-spurred; still, it is quite hardy and not at all fastidious about soil, provided it is not too light and dry. They enjoy a cool, damp rooting medium, and although they will do well and flourish quite in the open, if they can be put where they will get a little shade from the hot afternoon sun, their colouring will be the more delicate. The one thing they dislike, and from which they must be protected, is wind. If they can be given a sheltered position, well and good, but if not, the wise gardener will put strong, short stakes to supplement the flower supports before the first bud begins to colour, otherwise, such is the brittle nature of the base of the stem, there will be breakages and unsightly plants before the flowering season is over.

Seed may be sown in gentle heat in mid-February and the seedlings pricked out in pans or boxes when they have made two or three proper leaves. They must be kept growing on in cold frames until towards the end of May or early June, when they should be nice sturdy little plants and may be safely

transferred to a shady nursery border. Here they can remain (due attention being paid to watering and weeding) until September, when they can be planted in their permanent quarters. The following spring they will flower, but it will be nothing to what one may confidently expect the next year. It is advisable to have a few plants in a spare nursery bed, so that failures or poor flowers can be replaced after the first blooming. Mr. Jacob mentions that he seldom keeps plants more than four years, often only three. Newly-raised seedlings are so much more vigorous and satisfactory. Seed should accordingly be sown every second year.

If there is no accommodation for raising the young plants under glass, seed may be sown in a shady border in the open air, in well-prepared fine soil, any time after the severe frosts are over. It must be remembered, however, that, compared with that of many other plants, Columbine seed takes a long time to germinate, and one must not too hastily conclude, if it does not come up as soon as one expects, that it is no good. A similar routine of pricking out and planting must be followed with these open-air seedlings as with those raised under glass.

C. Reid, Wisbaw, N.B. *THE THRIFTS ON ROCK GARDEN.* Copyright.

Two Early Summer Flowers.

THE illustrations show two flowers without which the rock garden is in no sense complete. One is of Primula pubescens and the other of the Sea Pink or Thrift (Armeria vulgaris), a flower that covers some parts of our sea-shore with its misty bloom. The Primula belongs more to the spring, but a few plants a fortnight ago were still in flower with us in a cool corner of the rock garden, while the Sea Pink is in full beauty. We also use it as an edging to a long border. It is taken up and divided every three years, as after this period we find the growth becomes too dense and the flowers poor.—T.

Pyrethrums.

We are reminded that the present is the season when these valuable hardy perennials are at their best by some blooms from Messrs. Kelway and Sons, Langport, Somerset. This firm has devoted much attention to these plants, with the result that colours and sizes are now obtainable that our forbears would have considered impossible. It is not, perhaps, generally known that if these Pyrethrums are cut down to within an inch or two of the soil immediately flowering is finished a second display of flowers, but little inferior to the first, will be secured in the autumn, especially if the soil in which they are growing is well soaked with water to facilitate new growth. The long stems and graceful poise of these flowers render them ideal subjects for house decoration. Among the single flowers Langport Scarlet stands pre-eminent. It is a large flower of the richest possible crimson-scarlet. General French is somewhat similar in colour, but the petals are broader and stiffer. Lord Strathcona is a large, graceful blush pink sort that strongly appeals to us. Those who like a deep rose colour cannot do better than secure Pom-Pom. It is a beautifully shaped flower. Roseen resembles the Rose La France in colour, and Snow White is of the purest white. Among the doubles, Seduction, Lord Rosebery, and Captain Mars form a fine trio of crimson shades. The first-named is a superb flower with long, drooping petals, and Lord Rosebery is especially pleasing on account of its bright colour. Aphrodite and Louce are good whites; Empress Queen and Lady Kildare make a charming pair of blush pink hue; and deep rose colour is well represented by Evelyn and Millie Fowler. In Pericles we find a unique colour combination, the long ray petals being delicate blush and the shorter central petals canary yellow.

ONE OF THE ALPINE PRIMROSES (PRIMULA PUBESCENS).

CORRESPONDENCE.

Making a Weed Killer.

SIR,—May I ask if any of your readers can give me a good recipe for making a weed-killer for garden paths? I find those that are sold much too costly for the quantity I require, and I believe an efficient remedy can be mixed at a much less outlay.—J. H.

[The weed-killers sold are powerful poisons composed largely of arsenic and carbolic or sulphuric acids. Such things are most dangerous in the hands of the inexperienced. Though perhaps expensive, it is so much safer to purchase weed-killers in iron drums, mixing the contents with water in the proper proportions in wooden tubs. Only the experienced should apply this preparation, which, when properly prepared and used, is most effective in clearing roads and walks. You can use coarse or, as it is called, agricultural salt freely on the walks, as that destroys weeds, but being also a manure its effect is to make the weeds sometimes all the stronger the following year. If you could have a large portable boiler on wheels in which you could keep up a plentiful supply of boiling water, and use that freely on the walks, it would prove most effective.—ED.]

Summer Flowers.

SIR,—The interesting note in your issue of June 6th in answer to a correspondent about bedding out emboldens me to make a further enquiry. Like many other people, I am nearly always absent from my garden during August and early September, when the bedded-out beds are at their best. The problem in my case is how to avoid—in this part of my garden—the dull weeks that come after the spring bulbs are over. I am sure that some suggestions as to the treatment of beds with a special view to their effect in early summer would be of use to many who habitually are away from home later on.—SCHOOLMASTER.

[Our correspondent raises an interesting subject. There are a number of plants that, though not generally regarded as "bedding plants," are suitable for the purpose and are occasionally used with excellent results. Canterbury Bells are delightful, as they begin to flower when the last of the late Tulips are over. These, edged with white Pinks, make an effective display. If the flowers are picked off as soon as they fade, there will be a longer display. Sweet Williams, Pyrethrums and Snapdragons that have stood all the winter come into flower at the same time. As edgings to either of the above, Erysimum perowskianum, a rich yellow dwarf Wallflower-like plant, Nemophila insignis, or Virginian Stock may be used. All are hardy annuals, and if seed is sown the second week in March they will flower with the plants named above. To follow these, such hardy annuals as Bartonia aurea, Godetias, Clarkias, Californian Poppies, dwarf Lupines and the dwarf Convolvulus could be used. The only drawback to these annuals is that they do best when sown where they are to flower; but if the bulbs are planted rather thinly the seeds of the annuals may be sown between them.—ED.]

COVNTRY HOMES.

FAWSLEY HALL, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

THE SEAT OF

THE LADY KNIGHTLEY OF FAWSLEY.

IN the finely-produced volume of the "Victoria History of the Counties" which deals with "Northamptonshire Families" we read of the Knightleys that "for long tenure of their lands no Northamptonshire family can compare with them, save perhaps the Palmers of Carlton, and Carlton has no visible symbol of its antiquity to match against the timbered roof and armorial windows of Fawsley Hall." Luckily, the antiquity of the tenure of the Knightleys does not depend upon the antiquity of their roof beams, for these would play them false. They are, indeed, mere *simulacra*. The hall suffered severely from a "restoration" by Edward Blore in the early part of the nineteenth century, and its roof is mostly composed of plaster painted to imitate oak. Fawsley has gone through many ups and downs; there is a long history of change in house, village and church. The house stands in a finely-timbered park, which covers some 300 acres of the picturesque and hilly country round Daventry in West Northamptonshire. At the southern edge of the park is a long narrow spur of ground rising eastwards, but dropping down to sheets and serpentines of water, well contrived by Capability Brown, at the other three points of the compass. The house, with its curtilages and gardens, spreads over the west end of this spur, which then

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THE MEDIÆVAL HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE SOUTH TERRACE, SLOPING TO THE WATER.

"COUNTRY LIFE"

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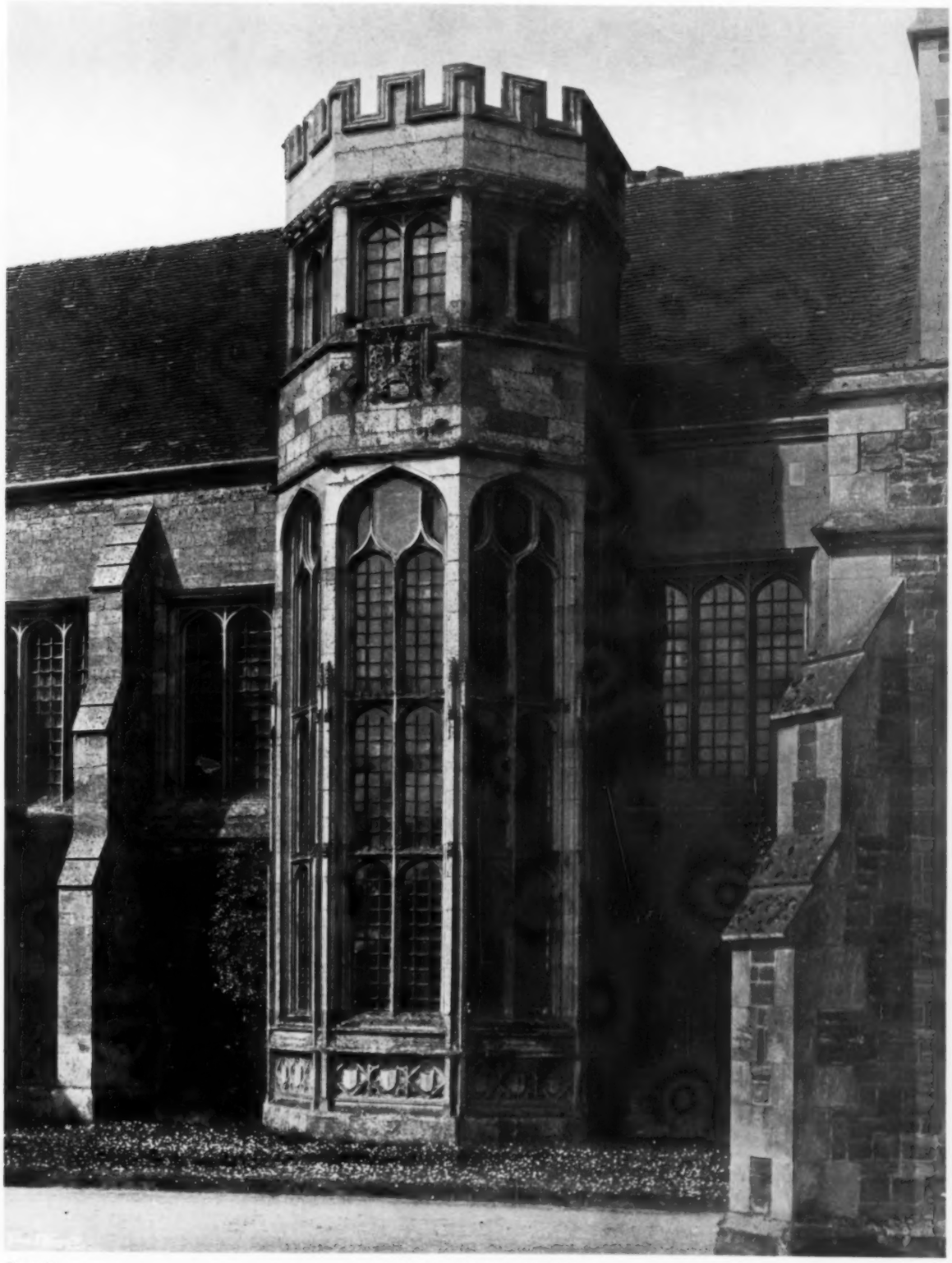
stretches out towards the church that, half buried in encircling trees, occupies its eastern extremity. Round the church clustered, no doubt, originally the humbler habitations of the little township. The mediæval manor house would have been small, but the mediæval village seems to have been of some size. The Domesday Survey found the manor to be *terra regis*. Later on Russells and Capeses were seized of it, of whom Thomas Capes sold it, in 1301, to one "Simon son of Robert de Daventre." Simon at once became "de Fawsley," and when he

Copyright *HERALDIC GLASS IN THE GREAT ORIEL.* "COUNTRY LIFE."

died, thirty-two years later, the inquisition that was taken sheds much light on mediæval land-owning and land-tilling. The householders were fairly numerous, and all were bound to render some agricultural service to their lord. Thirty days' ploughing was due from them. Nineteen of them mowed in autumn or harvest. Fifteen harrowed in seedtime after dinner. All joined to carry the lord's corn. Now, no sign of such an agricultural population appears near the church, which is mainly the mortuary chapel of its lords, and, with the manor house, stands alone in its dignity in the deer-stocked park. The territorial surname which Simon assumed did not give the family much stability of possession. His grandson, Sir Richard de Fawsley, sold the estate in 1387 and died five years later in the Priory of Lewes in Sussex. The London goldsmith who now owned Fawsley had probably bought it merely to make a profit, for, three months after the battle of Agincourt was fought and won, it passed into the possession of Richard Knightley. The Knightleys were no new family at that period. Knightley is a Staffordshire manor, which, in Conquest times, was held under Earl Roger de Montgomery by one Rainald de Bailleul. Him the Elizabethan and Jacobean Heralds set boldly down at the top of the Knightley family tree. But more recent research has shown him to have died childless, and his French property went to a nephew. Whether in that relationship to him stood William de Knightley, who long held the second place on the old pedigree, we know not. Nor can we say anything of the parentage of Nicholas de Knightley, who held the manor by the service of a castle guard at the castle of Oswestry. But after him we tread on surer ground. Nicholas was father to Sir Jordan Knightley, knight, and a deed of his, of date between 1184 and 1189, survives. He died ere John became King, but his son and his son's sons held Knightley for generations. Of these Robert de Knightley took Simon de Montfort's side and was accused, after Henry III.'s party was triumphant, of wasting woods, sacking houses, spoiling fish-ponds and slaying bucks. Though he, for a time, suffered imprisonment, he ended well and rich. His brother William had descendants who were "of Gnossal" — also in Staffordshire — who got on in the world, and from whom Sir John acquired by marriage the manors of Burgh Hall and Cowley. His grandson Richard it was who added Fawsley to an already good estate. To Fawsley, as a chief seat, he seems to have at once removed, and he served his new county in Parliament and in the Shrievalty, as so many of his descendants have done since. His grandson was another Richard, and he was made a knight when the little boy of four years old, who was afterwards to be Henry VIII., was made Duke of York. Of this period there is much that remains at Fawsley, shockingly mutilated as the Tudor work has been, and Sir Richard was probably an active builder. The architecture of the now ruined Dower House, which stands amid splendid oaks in the middle of the park, is of pronounced Henry VIII. type, and its twisted, ribbed and moulded chimneys of brick—the only ones of the type remaining in the county—carry one at once in thought to the fine houses built in the Eastern Counties while the Tudor Henrys reigned. At the manor house, there are now no such chimneys, indeed, but, before the present modern chimneys arose, they may well have crowned the ample roof of the stretch of buildings in the Kitchen Court, whose windows closely resemble those at the Dower House, and whose fine gable end, with its corbelled out bay, is a noble relic of this glorious period in our native architecture, which housed its great men finely, and commemorated them exquisitely when

they were dead. The altar tomb of Sir Richard Knightley and of his wife, Jane Skenard, heiress of Aldington, is among the very finest we have remaining in England of the late Gothic period. The Knightleys being Puritans, their tombs, of which there is a whole series in Fawsley Church, passed through the Cromwellian period unscathed. Sir Richard and Dame Jane still lie in alabaster on a marble slab without a broken finger or a scratched nose. The ancient colouring of their clothing and of their heraldry remains, subdued by time, but wholly uninjured by man. The south side of the tomb is occupied by four niches, whose foliated ogee arches show no trace of the Italian spirit which had already given a Renaissance character to many a tomb erected while Sir Richard yet lived. This makes it quite likely that he himself prepared his last resting-place. Such a plan was quite usual. Indeed, in the next century, Nicholas Stone records his erection of and payment for his remarkable monument to Lady Elizabeth Carey at Stow Church (which is four miles east of Fawsley) some dozen years before her death. Nor does the Fawsley tomb itself yield any evidence against this assumption.



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THE GREAT ORIEL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The niches on the south side contain figures of Sir Richard's four daughters, the eldest of whom married Sir William Spencer of Althorp, near by. The north side of the tomb has four similar niches. Each of these houses a pair of his eight sons. Of these, the youngest, John, became rector of Stoke Bruern in 1524. The clerical dress, therefore, in which he appears on the tomb, befitted him for ten years before his father's death. The

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OLD WORK ON THE SOUTH SIDE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

military garb of the eldest son, who was knighted, and the legal robe of Sir Edmund, the third son, who was a serjeant-at-law, are equally correct for a time anterior to 1534—the date of Sir Richard's death. Indeed, the eldest son was then himself drawing to the end of his career, and in 1537 Sir Edmund succeeded to Faw-ley, both his elder brothers being then dead and leaving no male heir. Although Sir Edmund held Fawsley for five years only, the hall, or at any rate the completion of it, is attributed to him. Even the handiwork of Blore has failed to deprive it of interest. Its mantel-piece retains its fine original arch, its frieze of carved panels and its cornice moulding, so crisply sculptured with a running vine pattern. The special feature of the hall, however, both within and without, is the splendid oriel. Its general character is still of fifteenth century type. The traceried panelling of the interior archway and fan vaulting reminds one of Bishop Waynflete's work in particular, and of many a late Gothic church porch and chantry in general. On the outside, the quatrefoil panelling, enclosing shields, at the base; the slender buttress shafts springing up to their crocketed finials on the main mullioning between the windows; the heraldic panel with its well-returned dripstone; the top cornice moulding, broken by foliated bosses—all tell of our native mediæval conception of building and living. The whole hall is on the ancient model. It stands, as our illustration shows, as a complete section of the house (and, no doubt, originally the highest and most important one), with its gable ends surmounted by great stone figures as in the fifteenth century example at Great Chalfield. It was entered on the right, presumably through a porch (below the first of the range of windows) which opened on to the screens. All this has been removed, but the doorway at the other end of the screens, opening originally into a little inner court, remains, and its proximity to the kitchen is hinted by the carving in one of the spandrels which represents two dogs gnawing a bone, and may well have been by the same hand as the grotesque subjects in wood now in the church, and which are of the same period. The place of the oriel is peculiar. In the fifteenth century it would certainly have occupied the extreme left end, and it would have opened out from the dais. But in Henry VIII.'s time the hall of an important house was not the general rendezvous of all classes for meals. The retainers remained in the kitchens, the family had its private dining-room and the hall was merely the great central room of the house, where, perhaps, a banquet would be held on ceremonious occasions. The dais went out of fashion, and the reason for placing the oriel at the end was gone. None the less is its position at Fawsley eccentric. So largely had a desire for some symmetry in the principal elevation obtained in the England of King Hal, and even earlier, that the hall was generally confined to one half of the central block of the house so as to get the porch in the middle. This was the arrangement — still traceable despite eighteenth century alterations—at Hornby Castle, a completely Gothic example, and at Barrington Court, where some Renaissance feeling enters. In each case the oriel occupies one angle of the forecourt, and a windowed excrescence to match it occupies the other. But at Fawsley the notion of symmetry never entered the head of the designer. The doorway was at one end and the oriel was set, not in the central of five spaces between buttresses, but in the fourth one. Moreover, as the house had no tower—no trace of such, at least, survives — a look-out over the extensive landscape to the west was desired, and a little upper room was perched on the top of the already lofty oriel. The result is very picturesque and very original. It is Fawsley's distinctive feature. The little room was originally reached by a stairway "in the angle between the window and the hall." This was a most unusual adjunct to an oriel, and its survival would have been of great interest and value. It was swept away, no doubt, at the time of the Blore "improvements." Blore's treatment of Fawsley is a remarkable example of crude audacity joined to self-satisfied ignorance. The eighteenth century had a reasonable excuse for the substitution of sashes and parapets for mullions and gables. It had its own style and liked it. It thought it immensely superior to those that had preceded it, for which it had neither reverence nor affection. But Blore was a Gothic revivalist. He had no style of his own. He wished to be mediæval, yet his hand withered every true mediæval growth which it touched. His drawing of the interior of the hall at Fawsley as he "improved" it is engraved in Baker's "History of the County," published in 1822. It is nothing short of terrible. He must have found the hall pretty well complete and untouched, if somewhat decayed. His remedy for decay in the matter of the fine oak roof was to "make good" with plaster and paint the whole. The windows on either side were, all but the oriel, high up, as was the invariable mediæval and even the frequent Elizabethan plan. "This arrangement," says Baker, "has yielded to modern convenience which has added a lower tier of windows." These are seen in Blore's drawing running from end to end of the east wall except where the oriel breaks in. Having thus admitted too much light, Blore "yielded to convenience" by obstructing as much as he could of both his own new lower windows and of the old ones above by means of an elaborate

Copyright. C.L.

A NOBLE RELIC OF OUR NATIVE ARCHITECTURE.

system of Regency hangings. Ample and billowy curtains hang from huge poles over the lower tier. Enormous valance boxes run along the whole length of the hall just under the spring of the roof. From the boxes depend feet of draperies, scalloped and fringed, tasselled and braided. Below again appear the swags of curtaining which they are supposed to conceal by day—all but the ample and much befringed ends, which are designed to occupy permanently the whole of the wall space between the windows. Thus every constructive line, every moulding and every arch, including those of the great oriel, is effectively broken and cloaked. The whole side of the hall is decked out in precise imitation of what was then fashionable for a London drawing-room, and all feeling of Gothic reserve and simplicity is lost.

Yet all the added decorative features—and there are many—are in what Blore thought the true Gothic taste. There is a queer sort of dadoing of arched panels in plaster running all round the hall and surmounted by a deep cornice consisting of a wearying repetition of narrow cusped recesses, each holding a painted shield. This wall ornamentation is broken by doorways

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badly copied from some early Gothic example and wholly dissimilar to the depressed arch and square head of the original Tudor ones, of which that beyond the hall towards the kitchen was, as we have seen, allowed to remain, being in a place where "it didn't matter." Much has since been done to efface this work and substitute something better. The lower tier of windows, the plaster-Gothic wall decoration, the Regency hangings, are all swept away. But even now the hall lacks the sureness of touch, the quality of surface and the unity of design which it possessed when the Tudor craftsmen handed it over complete to Sir Edmund Knightley. Amid the large collection of original armorial glass in its windows appear his arms, supported on the one side by the golden falcon of his mother's family and on the other by the blue boar of the de Veres, his wife having been sister and co-heir to the fourteenth Earl of Oxford. Sir Edmund did not find his sister's husband a convenient neighbour. Sir William Spencer was of a wild nature, which the Bishop of Lincoln sought to reform. Sir William thought this was by Sir Edmund's procurement, and set upon the latter, calling him "a precious knave and a wretche." Swords were drawn, and Sir Edmund had to complain to the Star Chamber that Sir William's "did light upon your said oratour's bakke and cut his gown in divers places." This affray, with its very moderate conclusion of a ripped gown, took place in London. In the country Sir William seems to have claimed a sort of "free warren" over his connection's preserves. He came into Fawsley Park with his greyhounds and killed a buck. Sir Edmund's keeper objected, whereupon the turbulent knight did "light downe of his horse and drew out his swerd and wolde have striken the keeper" had not his own servants—well accustomed, no doubt, to such pranks and their consequences—restrained his arm and allowed him only the use of his tongue, which he used to some purpose. Neither Sir Edmund nor six others of the brothers had male heirs. When, therefore, he died, in 1542, he was succeeded by the seventh but next surviving brother, Sir Valentine, who, after twenty-four years of uneventful but prosperous possession, left estates to the yearly value of £13,000 to his son Richard. Richard's tenancy of the estates was less prosperous but more eventful. He seems to have finished sowing his youthful wild oats before he succeeded his father at the age of thirty-two, for there is at Fawsley a portrait of him, taken the year after, that is in 1567, which bears an inscription describing him as now regenerate, but as whilom one

> Whos recklesse youthe hath passed such stormie showers
> As might have cute me of in halfe this space.

It is doubtful whether the recklessness of his youth caused him so much inconvenience and the family such financial losses as the maturity of his age. The "blissful shore," to which he claims that "mighty Jove had brought his barke," was that of Puritanism. He had been an intimate of the Earl of Leicester, who dubbed him knight at Fotheringhay in 1566, but his "serious call" must have soon alienated him from the Court. The most eager exponent of the religious views which he had adopted was John ap Henry, a Breconshire man, whose name, after he had been at Peterhouse College, Cambridge, was Englished into Penry. Converted to extreme Protestantism by the works of Bishop Bale, and prevented by his opinions from taking orders, Penry turned itinerant preacher in Wales and declaimed against the prevalent absenteeism of incumbents and the shortcomings of the episcopal establishment. Later on he sought, through the press, to reach a wider and more influential public,

and a bitter tract, published in 1586, brought him before Archbishop Whitgift. He was let off with a few days' incarceration and retired to the neighbourhood of Northampton, where he found a wife, with whose relatives he made a temporary home. It was this local connection which brought him to the notice of Sir Richard Knightley, who now became an active abettor in purse and in person of the Puritan propaganda. The dissemination of the coarse diatribes of Penry and the other writers of the party, issued under the signature of "Martin Marprelate," was a matter of danger and difficulty. It had to be done by means of a secret and easily moved press, set up, in turns, in sympathisers' houses. We find it, early in 1588, at East Moulsey, where it was used to print a reply to Dean Bridge's "Defence" of the Church of England. Then Sir Richard offered to have it at Fawsley. Tradition places it in the little room over the oriel—a place of outlook rather than secrecy, and too small for the purpose — but we have Sir Richard's own word for it that the nursery was used. It was there from November to Christmas, 1588, and was in active employ during that time, when an important tract called "The Epitome" was produced. Penry, as a respite from work, took the air in the park, and attempted to pass for a roystering gallant armed with a sword, and clad in cloak of sky blue with gold-embroidered collar. Nevertheless suspicion was soon aroused, and he and the press were passed on to Norton, an estate five miles north of Fawsley, which Sir Richard had recently purchased, and which he now made his principal home. Then in March, 1589, the Puritan publishing office passed on to Coventry, and was eventually pounced upon in Manchester. Penry escaped to Scotland, but returning to England in 1592, he was accused of treasonable words written in Edinburgh, and was hanged. Meanwhile, the servants at Fawsley and Norton had been made to talk, and Sir Richard found himself summoned before the Star Chamber, and a heavy fine was imposed. Archbishop Whitgift, however, though he was the chief target at which "Martin Marprelate" aimed his darts, interceded with the Queen on his behalf, and the fine was never levied. This was a fortunate escape, as money was now scarce with the Fawsley family, which was as numerous as it was extravagant. For his first wife Sir Richard had gone to neighbouring Easton Neston. Mary Fermor bore him three sons and three daughters and died in 1573. He then married Lady Elizabeth Seymour, and to them seven sons and two daughters were born. Though one or two of the fifteen died early, the great majority lived, and drew heavily on the family exchequer. Sir Richard's old age was spent in financial shifts and the sale or resettlement of estates. Surrounded by his younger family, he set up house at Norton at the time of the Marprelate incident and handed over Fawsley and other estates to his heir, Sir Valentine. He buried his second wife in 1602 in Norton Church, where he raised "a canopied altar tomb of alabaster gorgeously gilt and painted," to this "daughter to ye high and mightie prince Edward Duke of Somerset Protector of England." He himself, thirteen years later, was laid with his fathers at Fawsley. Norton went to the eldest of the second family,

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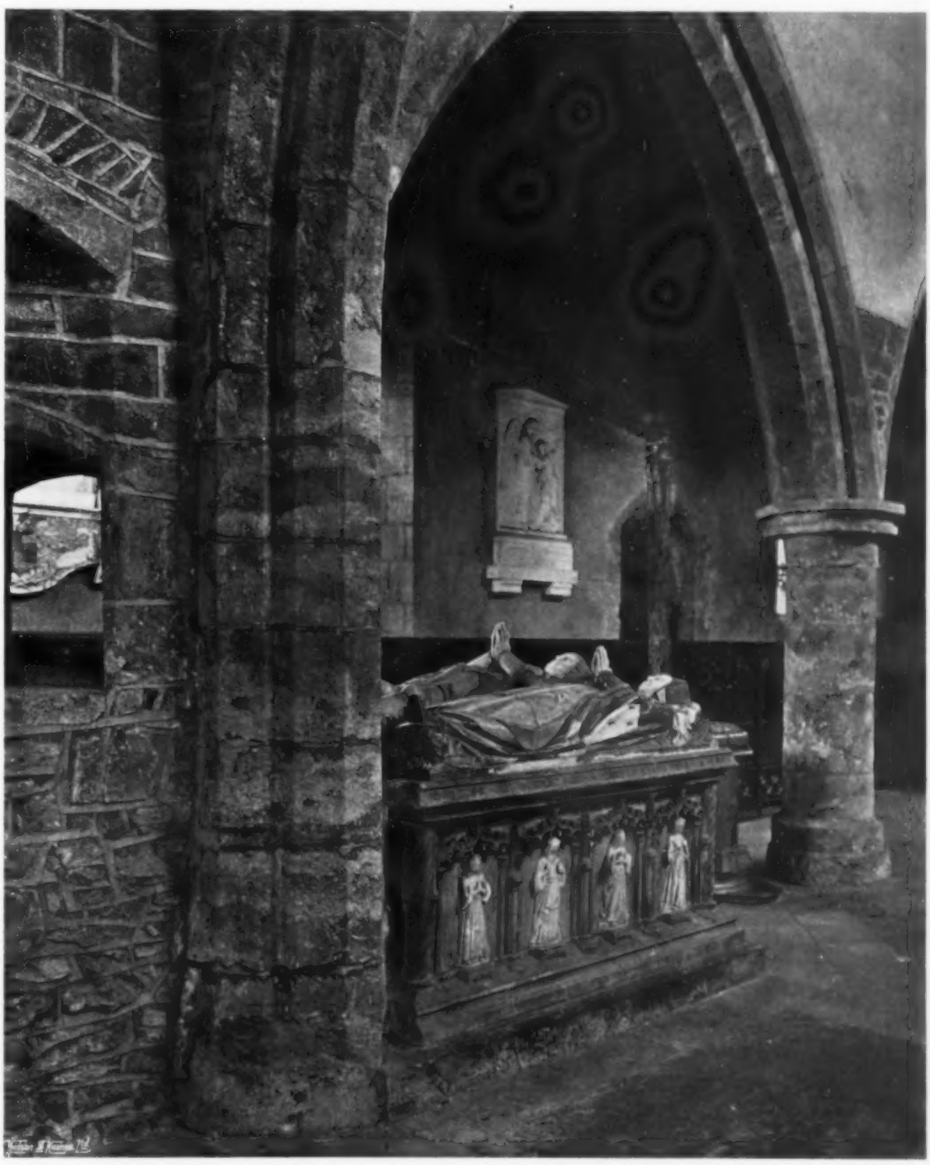
COUNTRY CRAFTSMEN'S FANCIES IN HENRY VIII'S TIME.

but Sir Seymour Knightley inherited to the full the family extravagance. He sold his inheritance, and in the fourth generation his descendants had become petty drapers and oilmen outside the City of London. The inheritor of Fawsley, though he parted with two estates, did not, luckily, make it impossible for his successors to hold the old home. Only for three years did he outlive his father, and his nephew and successor seems to have been a man of different mould. As we hear no more of financial difficulties, he was probably as strict an economist and reformer in private as he was in public concerns. He took an active and prominent part on the popular side in all the preliminary political skirmishes which led up to the final breach between Charles and his Parliament. That he did not live to see. But his cousins and successors, a father and a son, both Richards, as he himself had been, were of the same party, and were, indeed, not merely linked to its leaders by ties of friendship and principle, but by a closer connection. The younger of these later Richards had married a daughter of John Hampden, and his father's house of Fawsley remained, as it had been in their cousin's time, a rendezvous of Puritan leaders. It is here, we are told, that the scheme of limiting the Royal prerogative in several directions, including the crucial question of the power of the sword, originated. But the Knightleys were constitutionalists and not revolutionists. They were ready to take away the King's power but not to take away the King's life. The son, therefore, who survived the Commonwealth for a year, was of the Council of State that recalled the House of Stewart, and he became a Knight of the Bath when Charles II. was crowned. His line soon after ended with an unmarried son, and again Fawsley went to cousins. Lucy Knightley, "a Hamburg Merchant," was the inheritor in 1665, and sixth in descent from him came Sir Charles Knightley in 1812. He was a typical English country gentleman of the best type, eager to do his duty to his estates and his family, to his neighbourhood and country. As a breeder of shorthorns he was the rival of Booth and Bates. It was at his sale in 1856 that Prince Albert purchased the two beautiful cows to which so many Windsor cattle trace back. But, architecturally, Fawsley suffered under Sir Charles. The eighteenth century had for the most part left it alone. The Knightleys produced no one with will or means to transform it into a Palladian palace. They built stables and made small additions, but no more. Sir Charles, however, wished to do what was right by his Gothic home, and that could, surely, be done by setting to work on it one who was, as we are told, "devoting himself to the work of stimulating the newly awakened taste for Gothic architecture." That is how Edward Blore came to set his mark on the hall, a mark which Sir Charles's son and successor did his best to obliterate. Sir Rainald Knightley, succeeding his father in 1864, sat continuously in the House of Commons until 1892, when the Barony of Knightley of Fawsley was conferred upon him. In 1895 Northamptonshire had to mourn the loss of one of its most distinguished and best loved denizens, but it has the satisfaction of knowing that his widow still dwells at and graces the ancient seat. Sir Rainald partly remodelled, partly new built the portions of the house which flank the hall to north and south. It is, however, to the old portions, to the scattered remnants of early sixteenth century work—and especially on the south side, where it stands so well above the terraced garden sloping down to the water's edge—that we have desired to draw attention. With these illustrations before him we trust the reader will be able to realise something of the home life of the very interesting sixteenth century members of a family that is justly proud of its long male descent and its shield of 334 quarterings. T.



ALTAR TOMB OF SIR RICHARD KNIGHTLEY AND OF JANE SKENARD, HIS WIFE.
Temp. Henry VIII.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

Rook-shooting at a Heronry.

I HAD the pleasure of a day's rook-shooting recently at the heronry at Windmill Hill, Herstmonceux, East Sussex, of which I have lately written; and as the demeanour of the herons was certainly curious on this occasion, I think a note on the subject may be worth recording. We first shot the rookeries round the house, where there are no herons nesting. Presently, crossing the road, we descended the slope of a single steep grass field and arrived at the joint heronry and rookery, which lie in a clump of tall trees near a couple of ponds in a deepish hollow. The full-grown rooks had all gone off before our approach, but the herons had not been disturbed by the previous shooting, although it was mostly carried on within 300yds. of their nests. With the first few shots at the young rooks sitting about them, however, the herons now began to take their temporary departure. There was no great hurry or flurry; the tall birds flapped off at intervals, one after another, in leisurely and most majestic fashion until all were in the air. There may have been a few young birds, unable to fly (the date was May 23rd), but I, personally, did not notice them. Many, of course, had perished in the blizzard of April 25th. In a few minutes all the herons were on the wing, rising leisurely and with wonderful grace towards the zenith. I counted, when all were in flight, forty-six or forty-seven of the great grey birds. It was a rare and very beautiful sight, one

which few people in this country have the good fortune to witness. The day was clear and full of sunshine; the sky was of an intense blue; and the herons, sailing aloft with such majestic ease, were perfectly displayed. Their powerful wing-beats carried them to a vast height, and although the distracted rooks were cawing and circling far above us, the herons towered yet higher, until some of them appeared mere specks against the blue heaven. In less than an hour we had finished with the young rooks, and, the slain birds being picked up, we wended our way up hill again. The herons seemed to know at once, so soon as the firing had ceased, that the disturbance was over and their lodgings were again habitable. Even as we climbed the grass field, the nearest of the birds were dropping towards their nests, and in no great while most of them had returned to their trees and were making themselves comfortable again. They seemed to understand the whole business perfectly, and had obviously no real fear of the gunners and their weapons. Not so the rooks, which were still flying far away in dire commotion, comprehending that, although this sort of thing might be a mere trifle for their neighbours the herons, it was a day of death and disaster for their own species. I have seen many wonderful sights among great gatherings of birds in Africa, especially among pelicans, cranes and storks; but not even in that country have I set eyes on so considerable a body of herons, and the spectacle of close on fifty of these grand birds in flight together was one which I shall always remember with the keenest pleasure.

Herons in Germany.

Before quitting the topic of herons, let me add a few notes on these birds in Germany. In that country the common grey heron seems to be of more migratory habit than with us. The reason for this is, no doubt, that in that part of North Europe the winter is much more severe than in England, and the great fisher-birds are perforce compelled to make their escape in autumn from a climate which robs them of their natural food and freezes them to death. Many of our herons certainly migrate South and East for the winter, but numbers remain at home and, except in the severest weather, have not much difficulty in picking up a living. In Germany herons begin to collect in August near the banks of large waters; and during September bands of them, numbering from a score to fifty, begin their wanderings to Africa, the South of Europe and even far-distant Asia. They are seen occasionally in October, but by the end of that month not many stragglers are left behind, and those that do dare to brave the winter, or from various reasons may have been compelled to remain behind, risk the loss of their feet from the effects of frost, or perish miserably from cold and inanition. During their migratory flight the birds make their way in a long, thin line, varied occasionally by the formation of a triangle of which one of the angles forms the van.

Herons and Thunder-storms.

Friderich, the author of "Birds of Germany," states that herons have an extraordinary fear of thunder-storms, quitting their nesting-places with ludicrous tumult and seeking by flight to escape the danger. Quite possibly they are aware that among trees, at all events, there is real peril from lightning. Personally, I have not had the good fortune to observe a collection of herons during a severe thunder-storm. It would be interesting to know whether any readers of these pages have had the opportunity of noting their demeanour on these occasions, and whether their observations coincide with those of Friderich. This writer has, by the way, a curious opinion of the character of the heron, which he describes as an absurd mixture of suspicion, cunning and malice. He describes the heron as carefully avoided by small birds, which are well aware of its malicious ways and fear death from the sudden stroke of its formidable bill. It is certainly a fact that herons devour young moorhens, dabchicks and other water-fowl, as well as water-voles, and a young heron in captivity will readily slay and eat small birds that are put in its way.

The Plague of Gulls.

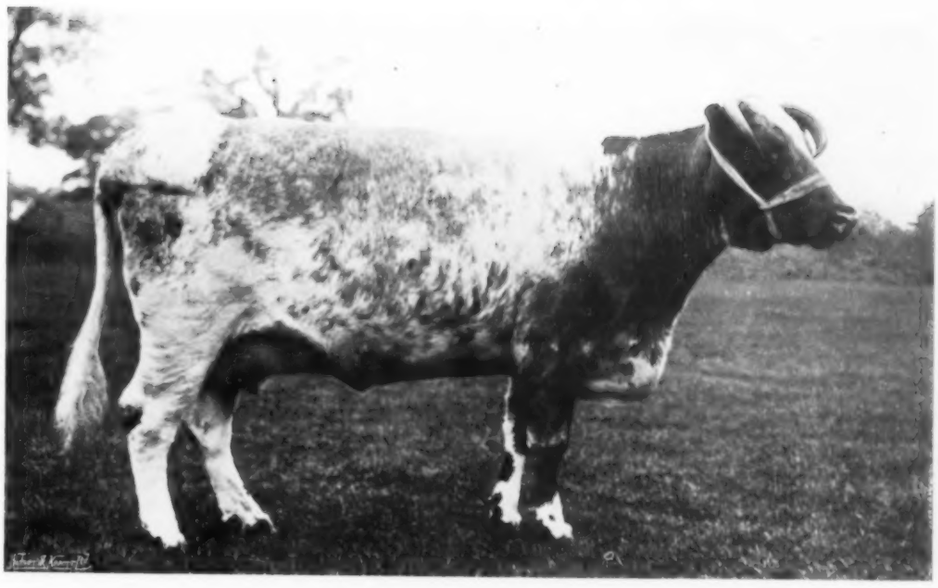
That many of the gulls have become far too numerous during the last fifteen or twenty years, thanks to coddling and over-much protection, has become a patent fact to those who observe and understand the habits of these birds. Here and there measures are being taken to lessen the plague, and by some few county councils the protection once accorded has been withdrawn. Mr. J. A. Harvie Brown, author of many well-known books on the Scottish fauna, is the latest writer to take up his parable against these birds. He rightly emphasises, in a contemporary, the enormous destruction of fish wrought by gulls, as well as their raids on the eggs and young of various birds. In many parts of Scotland the lesser black-backed gulls have become, he declares, the "veriest vermin, in this respect rivalling the hooded crow and common rook, the latter another recent development of unwise over-preservation." Mr. Harvie Brown describes one curious effect of over-preservation on Loch Maree, where a huge colony of lesser black-backed gulls have been preserved for years. Here the eggs of these birds are now "little larger than those of common gulls." One is glad to find so real and discriminating a naturalist raising his voice against the insensate folly of protecting all and every species of bird, whether mischievous or harmless. There can be no doubt that the Wild Birds' Protection Acts will have to be considerably amended before long. By all means preserve rare and vanishing species; but where birds, from their overpowering numbers and mischievous habits, become, as they too often do, a curse, the nuisance must be abated. Our fisheries are steadily declining, while our population as steadily increases; yet the gulls, which devour countless millions of a valuable food supply in the course of a year, are still, for the most part, protected. H. A. B.

SHORTHORNS AT ALDERSHAW.

LICHFIELD is a town situated in the midst of a pleasant agricultural neighbourhood. It is best known by its connection with Dr. Johnson, and most liked, perhaps, because it presents all the best attractions of a cathedral town. But these considerations ought not to let us forget that the district is well fitted for the purposes of cattle-breeding, and for high-class farming generally. If there were any doubt about this fact, it would be dispelled by the excellence of the herd of shorthorn cattle which belongs to Captain Harrison. This herd is kept at the Manor Farm, Lichfield, midway between Lichfield and Shenstone, and about two miles from each station on the Lichfield and Birmingham line. Captain Harrison can scarcely be called an old breeder of shorthorns, as his herd

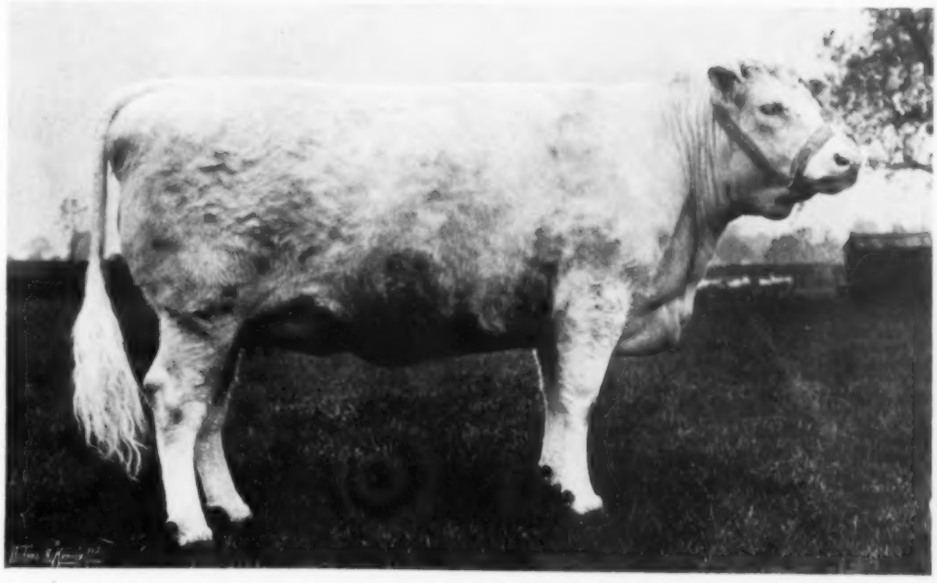
COOLING WATERS.

was established only in 1901; but his enthusiasm in that comparatively short space of time has produced excellent results. Long before pedigree stock were kept there was a capital herd of dairy cows at Aldershaw, and it was for the purpose of improving it that a bull was purchased in 1901 at Sir Alexander Henderson's sale at Buscot. This bull was Prince Bates, by Wanderer's Prince out of Lady York Bates. The cow—and this is probably what decided the purchase of the bull—was famous as a milker. She gave well over 1,000gal. of milk in 1897, and 1,392gal. in 1899. In order to perfect his herd Captain Harrison made purchases from a great many of the most distinguished owners of the day, such as Sir Alexander Henderson (above mentioned), Sir Oswald Mosley, Captain Duncombe of Waresley, the late Captain Whitting, Mr. J. P. Cross of Catthorpe, Mr. Ker Colville of Bellaport and Mr. Deane Willis of Bapton. The late Captain Whitting, who supplied the Pinks of the old Garne Pye tribe, as we scarcely need remind our readers, possessed a herd at Totterdown, near Weston-super-Mare. On the dispersion of Mr. John Garne's herd at Rissington, Captain Whitting bought Countess Pye, who was fated to become the dam of many good bulls. The Garnes had been breeders in Gloucestershire since 1825. He bought the best cows of Mr. Stilgoe and bought from his landlord, Lord Sherborne, the heifer calf Pye. Thus it is easy to understand the establishment of this part of the Aldershaw breed. Out of the Pinks of the Garne Pye tribe came Primrose, the dam of Aldershaw Primrose III. and IV., winners of the first prize in the family class of the Herefordshire and Worcestershire Shows and second at the Yorkshire Show last year. This year Aldershaw Primrose III. won the female championship at the Oxfordshire Show at Abingdon, and Aldershaw Primrose IV. was first in reserve at the Newark Show. Another of the Garne Pye tribe is Norman Lass. She was the first prize heifer at the Gloucestershire Show. But the family best represented at Aldershaw is the Primroses, of which we illustrate the above-mentioned Aldershaw Primrose III. The foundation of this tribe is generally found in a bull belonging to Sir Charles Knightley of Fawsley. This Primrose was bred by Mr. Charge, and is traced back to a cow by the Studley White Bull. She is a fine shorthorn, wide and deep, neat and symmetrical. She won the second prize at the Staffordshire Show, first Welsh National and first at the Derby Show, in addition

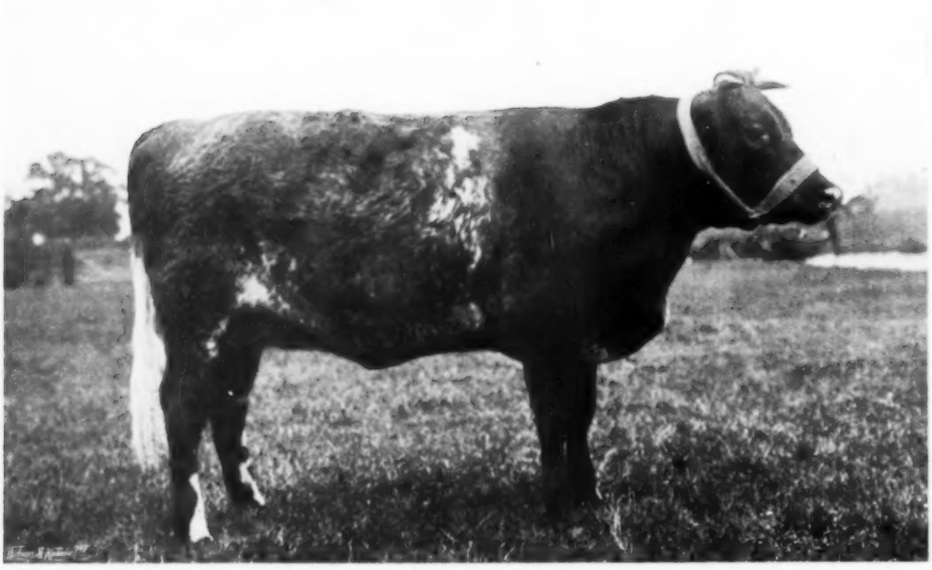


ELDERBERRY IV.

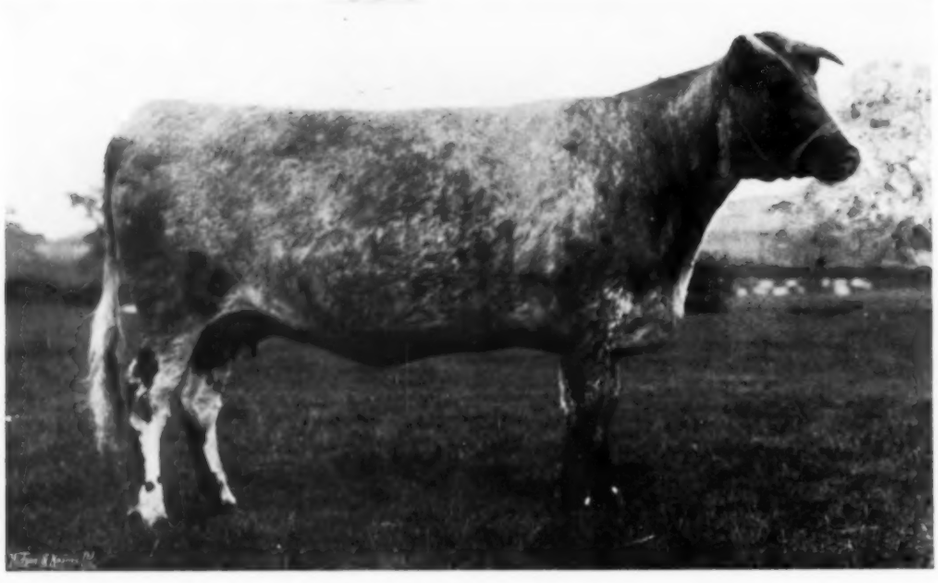
LADY BATES.



ALDERSHAW PRIMROSE III.



ALDERSHAW LADY JANE II.



BEARSTONE SUNSHINE.

ALDERSHAW PRIMROSE IV.

to the successes already mentioned. She was bred by the owner.

A pretty and taking heifer is Lady Bates, by President Pierpoint out of Lady Eden Bates. She is an animal that would have delighted the founder of the Bates herds, of whom it is said that his fondness for his shorthorns was as great as the love of many a man for a woman. He used to talk to them as if they understood his words, chatting to them and patting them and making pets of them. It is well known, at the same time, that he never allowed sentiment to interfere when one of his favourites was doomed to be a sacrifice to the butcher. Indeed, if a cow failed to breed within a specified time, he had no mercy upon her at all, but sent her to be slaughtered at once. To look at Lady Bates is to understand how easily the owner of a shorthorn may come to love her. She is a delightful-looking heifer, well fitted to ornament any gentleman's park. Elderberry IV. is by Captain Quadroon out of an Elderberry, but she is descended from a long line of the famous Strawberry tribe, which takes us back to the Booth herd, of which Mr. Richard Booth held such a high opinion. It is sometimes called the Strawberry and Halnaby tribe, and had its origin in a cow bought in Darlington Market, which the elder Booth ever regarded as one of the very best in his possession. She has a long list of successes at Birmingham, Wigton, Penrith, Yorkshire, Cumberland, Staffordshire, Derby, Herefordshire, Peterborough and other shows.

Bearstone Sunshine is by Charming Star and has also achieved many successes in the showyard. Aldershaw Lady Jane II. is a very typical shorthorn heifer, with a fine head that is characteristic of Captain Harrison's herd. She was bred by the owner and was sired by Morning Star out of another Lady Jane. She has won many prizes at the county shows, and is entered at the Royal Lancashire Show to be held at Manchester from July 30th to August 3rd. Her pedigree traces back to the famous Duchesses.

Turning from the cows to the bulls, it is interesting to know that after Prince Bates had been used, Lord Norman was bought from Mr. T. F. Roskruge of Cornwall, a very great bull, who won many prizes, including a first at the Royal Cornwall Show in 1902 and first at the Staffordshire in 1903. Ultimately he was sold for 500 guineas to go to the Argentine, and his son Aldershaw Norman reigned in his stead. This bull became the sire of Norman Lass, the heifer of the Garne Pye tribe, which has been already

mentioned. From Mr. Dean Willis of Bapton Manor the next important purchases were made. They consisted of two heifers and the bull Bapton Jester, who has now been in use for several seasons, and is still in service, his progeny including a large number of heifers. An equally important purchase was that of Caledonia, bred by Mr. Fergusson of Ballinlug, Perthshire. This Scottish blood has undoubtedly done a great deal to improve the herd. Another excellently-related bull that has been employed is a descendant of Deane Willis's famous White Heather, his own name being Heather Prince. Such in brief is the breeding of the shorthorns at Aldershaw; but it never has been forgotten that the primary object of the keeping of these cattle was for dairy purposes, and milking qualities have received constant attention. In the dairy classes, to which more and more importance is accorded at all the great shows, many distinguished successes have been won, and the cows, with their large frames and well-formed udders, have all the appearance of a high-class dairy herd. They would, at all events, be most suitable for breeding cows that would supply the wants of the dairy-farmer.

ALDERSHAW CALEDONIA IV.

FROM THE FARMS.

The Dangers of Cramming.

MR. CECIL L. BYRNE, in continuation of his note on fattening fowls in the Journal of the Board of Agriculture, directs attention to the many perils attending this method of preparing birds for the market. The chicken may perhaps get what they call in Sussex "clung," that is to say, the food is not digested, which may be due either to the circumstance of its being too solid or that it has been overfed. The remedy is, of course, to shorten the rations, and an entire fast for a day is often beneficial. Thin food is recommended as a preventive. Another danger is that the inexperienced crammer will often huddle the bird up wrongly under his arm, so that the crop cannot expand properly. It is also necessary to take care to hold the tongue down, or otherwise the tube may be thrust into the wind-pipe, and, of course, this means death to the unfortunate bird. Occasionally, too, the crop is perforated, and although it is possible to sew it up, the best way when that occurs is to kill the bird. Roup is a disease that has to be guarded against when a number of birds are brought together for cramming purposes. It is infectious, and possibly among the number one or two may have the disease when they are purchased. The best treatment is to place the bird suffering from roup apart from the other birds, then to clear all roupy matter from the mouth and throat, washing these parts afterwards with Condy's Fluid.

Suggestions for Small Holdings.

We have to thank Lord Wenlock for the very interesting criticisms which he forwards, but at the moment will make no comment upon them. The plans were put forward as suggestions only, to be improved, if possible, by the light of practical experience:

SIR,—I have examined the plans for buildings in COUNTRY LIFE, and my agent has drawn up a list of criticisms, which we offer to you as per enclosed. I am not in favour of woollen buildings. There would be a very large outlay in the future to be faced by County Councils when the whole number of wooden erections, all erected at one time, would all have to be replaced. Of course, the first cost would be much less, but I do not think it wise to erect buildings which are rapidly and constantly deteriorating.—WENLOCK.

[The following remarks by Lord Wenlock and his agent refer to the scheme for a twenty-acre farm.—ED.]:

HOUSE.—As planned looks dear at £250.

BEDROOMS.—The bedrooms are badly proportioned by being too narrow. Why not do away with gable over front door and widen building by 3ft. and reduce length by 2ft. to help in equalising cost? This would give two end bedrooms of about 11ft. by 9½ft. each, and the centre one 10ft. by 11ft. with fireplace. All bedrooms would be better with fireplaces, if only as a ventilator. The gable over front is an unnecessary extravagance, when simplicity with utility is more necessary than ornament.

WALLS.—Nine-inch walls (outside) with a good bitumen damp course would answer as well as 11in. if made of non-porous brick.

COPPER.—Copper in scullery should be so constructed to prevent steam penetrating over the house, and particularly into adjoining dairy.

DAIRY.—It has a north aspect, I presume, with a north and east window. Ought to have good ventilation

DRAINAGE.—No system of drainage from sink or water supply shown.

OF SCOTTISH ANCESTRY.

E. CLOSET.—Too near the larder window, even if a pin system is adopted. Far better put in garden.

BUILDINGS.

COWHOUSE.—Not sufficient space allowed behind the cows. Take away feeding passage, which is not necessary, and give the whole space—12ft. 6in.—to manger, 2ft.; standing, 5ft. 6in.; and dung passage, 5ft.

CALF-BOX.—Too near cowshed; calves always smell strongly unless very liberally kept, and then milk is tainted.

BOX.—A single box about 12ft. by 12ft. would be of great value in times of sickness especially, and could be used at other times with benefit. There is no such provision on plan.

MANURE.—Where is manure from horse stable, cowshed, etc., going to be put? In the yard for a certainty, which will block up entrance to cartshed and be rather near house in so small a yard.

YARD.—If used for running stock in, they will soon put their heads through the house windows.

WATER.—No provision for watering stock.

STACKYARD.—No provision; does not want to be near the wooden buildings.

CARTSHED.—Looking due west is not over-good for aspect. Would suggest putting cowshed where cartshed is and then putting cartshed in N.E. corner opening to stackyard on north side, and having a box opening into yard between barn and shed. Make a 4ft. passage where marked for horses to use the carts. Remodel piggeries to suit.

CAUSEWAY.—Build a 5ft. brick-on-edge causeway along south end of barn, etc., from house to suggested position for cowshed.

[These are the criticisms on the larger homesteads.—ED.]:

HOUSE.

BEDROOMS.—The plan of bedrooms is poor. There is only one good bedroom in the lot, and only one with a fireplace. For a fifty-acre farm a better-planned house with a bedroom floor would be more serviceable, and allow of a parlour being provided with four good bedrooms over. Have a simple roof without gables being broken out, which only costs money.

E.C., ETC.—Again too near, and the former remarks *re* water supply, drainage, etc., again apply.

BUILDINGS.

YARD.—The area enclosed as a yard (something like 90ft. by 110ft.) is enormous. For this size farm a fold-yard is necessary of, say, 30ft. by 40ft. The yard should be cut off from house by quite 20ft. and then made more compact, with alteration of position of cartshed as before suggested and boxes put where cartshed is and bring piggeries to south end.

COWSHED.—Accommodation for twelve cows is superfluous, except for a dairy and grass farm used for milk selling with a "town round." For general purposes, six cows and three good boxes would be more useful.

CAUSEWAY.—Build a 5ft. causeway round yard.

SHOOTING.

GROUSE PROSPECTS IN THE NORTH.

THE report of the grouse from the Inverness-shire district is a very satisfactory one on the whole, the weather having been all that could be wished at the critical time of the nesting. The birds are said to have hatched off 70 per cent. of the eggs in marked nests of the earlier laying, but not to have made quite such a good average with later nests. All are about a fortnight later than last year, so that they will not be very strong on the wing at the beginning of the season. So much the better for the "dogging" work, and the worse for the early driving. A good many birds died in some parts of Scotland during the early spring as a consequence of parasitical trouble, which was the more severe on them as bad weather and late frost, making the heather innutritious, no doubt weakened them and made them more liable to succumb. A fine stock of birds was left in Scotland generally, and probably rather too many in some places. This is the account from the more Northern district, of which Moy may be taken as the best type.

THE EAST COAST MOORS.

Passing to the East Coast moors, chiefly in the hands of Lord Dalhousie or on lease by him—such as Invermark, Gannochy and Hunt Hill—the accounts are still very favourable. They appear to have had less snow there at the nesting-time and fear the loss of some of the eggs from the frost; but, on the whole, they are more optimistic than they have been for several years, and we have always of late found the prophecies erring rather on the side of pessimism.

THE MORE SOUTHERN GROUSE.

Down through the Lammermuirs and, again, on the more western low country moors the same good accounts are maintained, and so, too, in the North of England down through Westmorland. Generally speaking, all the Yorkshire and Lancashire prospects seem no less bright; but here and there, as on the Duke of Devonshire's moors at Bolton Abbey, there are great fears that many nests may have been washed out by a very extraordinary rainfall which occurred during the nesting-time. But over the great county of Yorkshire generally the nesting birds appear to have done very well. "The frost did not hurt us," one correspondent writes, "for the snow came to keep the eggs warm, and it was not so deep and did not stay so long that the birds were not able to find their nests." Only a little while ago we had a correspondent writing his view that it was much better that the birds should not find their nests again after the snow, because the eggs were likely to be done for and it was better the parents should make a fresh start somewhere else. It takes a good deal, however, to "do for" grouse's eggs. In the Bromhead district they say they have lost some eggs through the birds not being able to find their nests in the snow. But there, too, they are optimistic, and altogether this makes up a very bright prospect, indeed, brighter than for many years, although the actual results of those past years, when moors came to be shot, have bettered expectation. If they better such good expectations as those of this year they will be quite brilliant. And the most satisfactory feature of all is that the good accounts come from so many quarters wide apart, virtually covering the whole ground. The only exception is the grouse country which we have not yet mentioned, that is to say, the Welsh moors. Here they seem to take a very black view of the damage which may have been done to the earlier-laid eggs, and, no doubt, the birds do nest here appreciably earlier than further North. But there are grounds, as we have learnt by the experience of recent years, to expect grouse to make up by their second broods for calamities to the first.

GROUSE LATE, PARTRIDGES EARLY.

In the North, as we have seen by the report from the Mackintosh's moor, the grouse, though promising well, are about a fortnight later than last year. This is more than a little curious, because some at least of the partridges, even in the North, are quite abnormally early. We have noticed in a previous number how early some have been in the Eastern Counties of England. One correspondent from the North of England tells us of a nest with seven eggs found in April, and another, speaking of Yorkshire, states that he saw a covey of young birds actually on the wing in the first week of June. It has been noticed, and generally confirmed, that in places where some of the partridges have a tendency to draw into the coverts with the pheasants, sometimes feeding on the pheasants' food, these birds are inclined to develop a habit of earlier nesting than most of their kind—the birds which stick to the open fields. This tendency of a few pairs, however, does not seem to account adequately for the numbers of early nesters of which we hear this year. There must be some generally operative cause; but, taking a review of the winter and spring, it is hard to say what it can have been. No doubt the early winter was mild, and birds paired early; but it does not, as a rule, follow from early pairing that there will be early nesting also; and it is very singular that the grouse habit of this year should show just the opposite tendency. Perhaps in both instances food supply is the determining factor rather than any direct influence of the weather. It seems to be so, generally.

DOG REFUSING TO "POINT DEAD."

A dog-breaking correspondent, an amateur in the art, who is evidently not above taking counsel of those who are "its masters," as he calls them, has written to us on the problem of dealing with a pointer, excellent in other respects, which refuses absolutely to "point dead." Without claiming to be "masters" of an art which no one has ever quite "mastered," we have certainly had enough experience to inform us that a dog is by no means to be utterly condemned—as the writer of the letter appears somewhat disposed to condemn him—because of this reluctance. On the contrary, we have known several very good dogs indeed which showed this reluctance so strongly that it was quite impossible to cure it. More than that, we think that it is not very advisable to go on worrying a dog about this matter if he is really a good one in other respects. We have found the indifference to the scent of a dead bird combined with very high qualities of nose and of zeal for finding the living bird; so much so that we are almost inclined to look on it as a good sign of a healthy preference for the living quarry. Again and again we have seen such a dog give an almost visible twist of scorn to his nose when he has come, inadvertently, upon a dead bird, as much as to say "this is no affair of mine; my business is to find the bird for you to kill, and then it is done."

ECONOMY EFFECTED BY POINTERS "SEEKING DEAD."

At the same time, we have every sympathy with our correspondent's aim, to make his setters and pointers "seek dead" and "point dead," and with his complaint that if a pointer or setter will not do this, it means that you must keep another dog for the special retrieving work. For general shooting, retrievers are now the only kind of dog in use at all, and in driving and covert-shooting the retriever, of course, is a necessity; but where there is any shooting over dogs (and there is some sign of a disposition to return to this older method where it is possible to go back to it) there ought not to be at all the same necessity for the retriever's services. The dogs which find the live game ought to be able to find the dead game also. The fear, of course, is that in occasional yielding to the temptation to pursue a runner, contrary to orders, the pointer's or setter's discipline may be unsettled, and a tendency to "run in" be induced. A higher perfection of breaking is required in the case of the pointing dog which is trained to seek dead, for this very reason; but when that perfection has been attained, a distinct economy in the kennel has been effected. There will be one less hungry mouth to fill—that, namely, of the otherwise necessary retriever.

THE ACCESS TO MOUNTAINS BILL.

In the best interests of deer-stalking it is to be devoutly hoped that the House of Lords will throw out the Access to Mountains Bill, which has, quite inevitably, passed the second reading in the Lower House by a large majority. It is not so much that the deer-stalker is disposed to be supremely selfish as that he is perfectly aware, though possibly few in the House of Commons are equally well informed, that there are very many mountains, and especially those which the public is most likely to make use of as its playground, on which they would not interfere with the deer at all. On the other hand, there are many, which this Bill would throw open, where very few wanderers in the season would make use of the proposed new privilege at all, but where the appearance of even these few would have a disastrous effect on the stalking. The ease with which deer are disturbed by the casual passer-by is well illustrated by the case of the Forest of Rothiemurchus, through which a footway passes to Braemar. A single traveller along that path through the glen is enough to scare all the deer from either side of it for the day. But, besides the

sporting interests, the pastoral interests also might be very seriously injured in many places, especially in some of the mining districts, if this Bill were to pass into law, for the sheep would be disturbed to an extent which it can be scarcely possible for those to realise who have knowledge only of the sheep of our Southern pastures. The Highland sheep on the hill have so nearly reverted to a wild character that they are hardly less disturbed than the deer themselves by the appearance of a stranger on the hill. Therefore, the principle of this Bill is not one of conflict only between the privileges of the public and of the sportsman, as has been confidently asserted in the House of Commons, but between public and pastoral interests also. A clear understanding of this aspect of the question might modify the views even of the most Radical members not a little. What is really wanted is a Bill less general in character, taking into more consideration the difference between one mountain-side and another. A Commission, to enquire and to report, should be appointed.

[FURTHER NOTES ON SHOOTING WILL BE FOUND ON OUR LATER PAGES.]

ON THE GREEN.

EDITED BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

STANDARDISING THE GOLF BALL.

SOME of the professionals seem to be greatly agitated about the balls in use for the game. They say that a certain firm has made, for a certain professional, balls of an exceptional excellence which enabled him to do exceptional feats at the last championship. Now I do not believe all this. I do not believe that anything much better than the best ball you can buy can be made, for advertisement purposes, by the greatest science and skill and the greatest disregard of expense. To make the best possible is really what all the firms are trying for. The argument of the professionals is that the public, going into the market, can buy balls which will have the same name as those which this firm made for this professional, but that they will not really be the same balls. The same good stuff and good work will not be put into them. I do not know how that may be, nor if this is a charge which, if it can be truly brought against any one firm, may not equally well be brought against several others. The important point is what the professionals wish done to put a stop to a state of things which they consider perilous. Their idea is that the ball should be standardised. But how is that to be done? Is every man, before going out for the championship, to produce the ball he means to play with, to submit it to the arbitrament of someone (of whom?) to say whether it is a proper ball, or what is to be done? This suggestion in itself seems to carry signs of feebleness and unworkableness. How would it be if the secretary of the club on whose green the championship was being played was to issue balls overnight for the players to use? The balls should carry a mark, so as to be distinguished, and the players should be disqualified if they used any other. It sounds like an advertisement of somebody's soap. But my own idea is that the whole thing is moonshine. I have no faith in these exceptional balls; at least, I have not seen them.

MR. ERNLEY BLACKWELL: "CAN I DO IT?"
CADDIE (CONFIDENTIALLY): "YUS!"

STANDARDISATION OF CLUB AND STYLE.

There is a hint, in the draft of the new rules as proposed, that the Rules of Golf Committee has elements of an idea of standardising the club. To what extent, if any, will this, if carried, preclude the "croquet putting," of which we have been hearing a little lately? Probably not at all. The implements themselves can easily be made to fit into the definition proposed of a "plain shaft and head"—it sounds like a truthfully unflattering description of certain golfers—and, therefore, to rule out the "croquet putters," we should require a standardisation of the style, telling people just how they should stand and address and strike the ball, which would surely be going a little too far in the direction of grandmotherly legislation. We shall soon have to set our watches by Act of Parliament, in order to give ourselves more daylight; but in those added hours of sunshine we might be left to swing at our golf balls as we please, even if it be not in the style which has the sanction of the classical exemplars.

THE PROPOSED NEW RULES.

Seeing that I hold the highly honourable, though, unfortunately, not highly remunerated, office of a member of the Rules of Golf Committee, it is not for me to enter on the discussion of the proposed new code as one of the mere public—with an open mind. I may note, however, one point, the clause in the rules for match play competition, whereby it is said that a competitor shall not waive any penalty incurred by his opponent—that is to say, shall not "let him off" if he see him perpetrate even the most technical offence against the spirit or the letter of the law. This is a point, as I think, about which discussion will rage, like the heathen, furiously. It is rather the purpose of this publication of the draft of the rules as proposed that there shall be this furious rage of discussion, so that the air may be cleared and golfers' views expressed before the proposals become law. Much is to be said for this particular rule, as proposed. Much, no doubt, is also to be said against it. But at least it relieves a sensitive man from the disquieting doubt about what he ought to do and from all sense that he is perhaps playing an ungenerous part in exacting the full penalty if he finds his opponent innocently offending.

TESTIMONIAL TO JAMES BRAID.

The Walton Heath Golf Club is getting up a testimonial to Braid to commemorate his fourth and most glorious win of the championship. The club is heading the list with a contribution of 20 guineas, and in the first place is inviting subscriptions from its members. It is not intended, however, to confine the subscriptions to the Walton Heath members, and all old friends and pupils of Braid are invited to contribute. The subscriptions will be received by Mr. W. H. Fowler at the Golf Club, Walton-on-the-Hill, Epsom. In the circular which gives notice of the institution of the fund, it is stated that members are requested to limit their subscription to half a guinea, and probably it may be inferred that this limitation is designed to apply to non-members also. The latest date of contribution is July 11th.

A RELIC.

Somewhere or other there is a golfing relic of some little interest, which probably is religiously preserved. It is, at least, worthy of pious preservation—that historical red coat which Mr. Wolfe-Murray gave, very many years ago, to be played for by "Old Tom" Morris and Allan Robertson. The victor of that match was the first-named, and the coat was kept by "Old Tom" as an object of interest to him by reason of its association both with the donor and the vanquished foe. I am surprised that Dr. Tulloch makes no mention of this coat, or of the match of which it was the trophy, in his fine "Life of Tom Morris." We badly want someone—Mr. Doleman would be the man—to tell us how the case really stood, in respect of the rival merits of W. Park, "Old Tom" and Allan Robertson. And this is a story which will have to be written soon, if at all, for though Mr. Doleman is a splendid specimen of the evergreen, and made a gallant fight with one of the very longest drivers in the whole of the field at the last amateur championship, yet even he will not, in the ordinary course of human nature, go on for ever; and there is none other that I can think of who can write of personal observation and with a competent knowledge. The present view of those who take any interest

in this golf of a bygone day is that Allan Robertson's reputation had its base rather in sand, and that "Old Tom" was really much his superior. And where does W. Park come in? H. G. H.

The Harewood Downs Course.

The links of the Harewood Downs Golf Club, situated among the scenery of the Chiltern Hills, were formally opened for play last week. Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, M.P., the captain of the club, had intended to drive the first ball as part of the opening ceremony, but owing to a political engagement he was unable to be present. A match had, however, been arranged between Taylor and Vardon, and the play of both professionals was followed with the greatest interest by the gathering of spectators who had assembled to inaugurate the opening of the course. Taylor was in particularly good form. After securing a lead of five holes in the morning round, he eventually beat Vardon by the fairly substantial margin of four and three to play. At present the course is a little on the rough side, but plenty of play and treading with the foot will soon improve the quality of the turf. Many more bunkers are also needed, but the committee are wise to wait and see how the course plays before they begin to dig bunkers here and there at the majority of the holes which experience may prove subsequently to have been placed in wrong or unsuitable positions. The course is about 40min. railway journey from Marylebone, with a drive of 10min from Chalfont Road Station to the club-house. At the opening ceremony Mr. Archibald Grove, M.P., and the committee of the club entertained a large company in the club-house. The president of the club is Lord Dudley, and among the committee are Mr. Balfour, Lord Chesterfield, Lord Desborough, Sir J. Dickson-Poynder, M.P., Sir A. Henderson, Colonel Kinloch, Sir C. McLaren, M.P., Sir F. Milner, Lord St. Oswald and Sir H. Seton-Karr. The membership includes the Prime Minister and Mrs. Asquith, Mr. Arthur Bourchier of the Garrick Theatre, Lord Burnham, the Marquess of Bute, the Hon. Evan Charteris, Lord Dartmouth, Lord Eldon, Lord Howe, Lord Kinnoull and many other well-known names in politics and society.

The Conceding of Short Putts.

One of the sensible recommendations made by the Rules of Golf Committee in the revised code of rules is to the effect "that players should not concede putts to their opponents." This recommendation really embodies the advice of all sage and experienced match players never to concede a putt to the opponent over 6in. Yet there are players who feel aggrieved, and almost insulted, if the opponent patiently waits to see a player hole out a putt of 2ft. or more. The dramatic dialogue that takes place on these occasions is couched in something like these terms: "You give me this, of course?" (in a wheedling tone). "No" (with sternness). The putt is played and missed, and then the anger flames forth in "It is not quite gentlemanly to ask me to hole a putt like that." The stern rebuke then follows: "We are playing the game of golf, and no shot is to be taken for granted, please." When all players make up their minds that it is their business, without being asked, to hole out every putt, short or long, the playing of the game will become a good deal more pleasant all round. The short putts, especially when there is a curve in the ground, are often the most difficult to hole.

Contracting Out of the Stimie Barred.

Another special rule which was much needed is that which is suggested of prohibiting competitors in match play from excluding the operation of any rule, or local rule, "at any time under penalty of disqualification." A habit has grown up of late years to contract out of the operation of the stimie in a match, under the mistaken notion that the laying of the stimie is, if not actually bad play, at least a grossly unfair obstacle to interpose between a straight putt and the hole. If the new rule is passed by the general meeting at St. Andrews, this contracting-out system will be "scotched" as being, at any rate, illegitimate. It sounds odd, to say the least of it, to hear a player ask his opponent "Are we playing stimies?" The becoming answer to that query should be the adoption of the Scottish trait of answering one question by asking another question; and then the player in quest of enlightenment might himself be stimied when in response to his query he was asked "Are we playing golf?"

The Open Championship of France.

The result of the scoring in the French open championship held at La Boulie, near Versailles, has been somewhat of a surprise. The conditions were two days' play, or 72 holes, and J. H. Taylor won with an aggregate score of 300. Massy, the holder, and Mayo tied for second place with 304. In the first two rounds Braid held the lead with 75 and 72, and, generally, it may be said that in these two rounds the open champion showed substantially the excellent form that secured for him the victory only a few days before at Prestwick. Vardon and Gassiat had opening rounds of 72 each, Taylor 75 and Massy 77. Taylor's first two rounds were 75 and 76, which were an evidence of sustained steadiness rather than brilliancy. But in his third round Taylor came away with a magnificent game, especially in approaching. His score was 71, but in his last round he dropped back to a mediocre 78. Massy's rounds were 77, 73, 76 and 78, and Mayo finished admirably with two 73's. On the other hand, Braid went to pieces, especially on the putting green, in his last two rounds. He took 80 for the third and 78 for the fourth round, giving him an aggregate of 305, one worse than Massy and five behind Taylor. Massy has thus been bereft of his two championship honours in one week, Braid securing the open and Taylor the French championship. But both Massy and Gassiat seem to be able to hold their own very fairly with our best professionals, and doubtless we shall hear more of the two French professionals in days to come.

The Dogmatism of the Cricketer.

In a notice which has been written of Mr. Russell Donnithorne Walker, the veteran cricketer, the writer seems to credit the subject of his sketch with some extraordinary views about golf. Mr. Walker is described as being "the survivor of that phenomenal brotherhood of cricketers who have immortalised the name of Southgate," while as a cricketer "he was, undoubtedly, a genius, and as a genius he went about things in a way which not only defied all rules, but often defied description." He was also a good tennis, racquet and billiard player, and he always elected to bat against any kind of bowling without pads and gloves. Mr. Walker, however, is represented as holding the view of golf that "the fact that a player has no opportunity of interfering with his opponent's ball—honestly at all events—entirely disqualifies golf as a 'first-class' game. In all other games at ball there is a direct conflict between the opponents, while at golf there is nothing that can be justly done to spoil the game of the competitor who is going round the links with you—unless there be anyone to defend the stimie as a sporting stroke." To put it frankly, this is a narrow, one-eyed view of golf adopted obviously by an old cricketer who had better have left his opinion unrecorded on a subject about which he knows so little. But surely even Mr. Walker can be prevailed upon to see that the spirit of "direct conflict between the opponents" when playing a match is just the essential spirit in golf whose absence he deplores. It is this individual contention in scientific skill and the natural endowment of temperament which makes it besides such a thrilling experience to everyone, including recent cricketing recruits like Dr. W. G. Grace, Mr. Beldam, Mr. Brann, Mr. Stoddart, Mr. Maclaren and a host of other well-known cricketers whose allegiance to golf is a standing reproof of the justice of Mr. Walker's opinion. "Ne sutor ultra crepidam" is not a bad motto even for the reminiscent cricketer.

THE NEW RULES.

ALL the members of the Rules of Golf Committee are to be congratulated on the admirable work they have accomplished in the suggested revision of the existing code of rules. Their work makes for clearness, compression and intelligibility. They have been obviously guided by a wish to make the new code of rules more logical in their sequence, more easy of reference in order to find out the penalties that they impose, and of a wider application to inland as well as to seaside golf. A serious effort has been made to classify the rules according to the way in which the game is played from tee to hole; and in the work of revision the rules have certainly gained in conciseness of expression. The rules will come before the general meeting of the Royal and Ancient Club on August 31st for approval or alteration. A wise policy has been followed in the meantime of allowing the rules to be seen by the large body of outside golfers who are keenly interested in this subject. Some suggestions may be forthcoming from a variety of sources in the interval which may be of some value to the committee, either tending to modify or to strengthen some of the clauses so as to make the causes of friction and dispute less frequent than they have been in the past.

It may be rightly conjectured that the large number of questions which the committee have had to answer during the last four years as the ultimate Court of Appeal in golf disputes has been in the main a guide in showing some of the weak and obscure points of the present code. Thus the echo of an old controversy may be found in the wording of Rule 4, where the caddie, the forecaddie, or any other person is prohibited from standing on the top of a hill to show the line to a blind hole while the player is striking the ball. An alteration is suggested in the method in which a ball should be dropped. At present the ball must be dropped from the back of the head, and there is a section in the existing code describing exactly the method to be followed in dropping a ball which has been lifted. Now the proposal is to allow the player to drop the lifted ball from the shoulder. That, however, seems to be the least desirable of all the changes suggested. Another alteration of importance is the provision which allows a player, with the opponent's consent, to lift his ball "for the purpose of identification." This liberty will help, it is hoped, to lessen the number of cases where disputes arise through playing the wrong ball; but if the markings of the golf ball could be a little more varied by the manufacturers, or if they would extend the process of trade-mark crosses and stars, the permission to lift for identification would not be often used. But as things stand at present the suggestion is a sensible one so as to avoid confusion and error. Again, if a player or his caddie when searching for an opponent's ball accidentally moves it, no penalty is incurred, and the ball so moved must be replaced. The justice of that recommendation on the part of the Rules Committee will commend itself to the majority of golfers. It is an act of considerate courtesy to help an opponent to look for his ball sliced or pulled into the heather or the bent; but under the existing code it often happened that the ball was accidentally trodden upon or kicked when out of sight by one of the players or his caddie, and the owner of the ball has not hesitated to claim the penalty as the reward of the other man's kindness. That, of course, was a rank abuse.

The "out of bounds" rule has always been a difficult one to work satisfactorily. Probably more disputes have taken place as to its interpretation than in the case of any other rule. The revised code will do much to establish uniformity of practice. A ball driven out of bounds from the tee can be re-teed with the loss of a stroke; if the accident occur in the course of play through the green the ball has to be dropped; and a ball out of bounds is defined as being "when the greater part of it lies within the prohibited area." It is also of interest to golfers mainly using inland courses to know that "mud adhering to a ball shall not be considered as making it unfit for play." A ball floating in water

may be struck at when in motion, but the player "must not delay to make his stroke in order to allow the wind or stream to better the position of the ball." A very great improvement is made in the rule as to casual water lying on the putting green. Where there is an extended pool of water lying on an undulating putting green the player has to go behind it, perhaps 10yds., 15yds. or 20yds., and then play across the hazard with a mashie. Now it is proposed that the player may place his ball within one club length of the margin of the water, thereby giving him at least a dry putt up to the hole. The elaborate ceremonial followed by some players of brushing the line of the putt with the back of the hand before holing out is to be dispensed with. Its main evil consisted in blocking the green, for while the player was brushing across the line of putt the things that were invisible to the normal eye, and crouching behind his ball, the players coming up behind had to sit down and wait. To many observers this brushing with the hand of the line of putt savoured a good deal of an excuse for a player to gain a little time to steady his troubled nerves; it was analogous to the counting of the ten seconds when the professional boxer lies prone on the boards and uses the counting process of the referee to gain his exhausted wind. In stroke competitions a ball played from outside the teeing limits is to be counted as a stroke, but another ball has to be teed within the limits and a second stroke counted. That is a reform all tending to the quicker progress of the green and the minimising of argument. If a player plays two consecutive strokes with a wrong ball he is disqualified in a stroke competition. These are the main changes in the new rules that wait the approval of the St. Andrews Club, and from this rapid, and necessarily imperfect, survey it will be gathered that the changes make for simplicity and clearness. A. J. R.

CORRESPONDENCE.

HERON *v.* TROUT.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—Would you be kind enough to advise me by post as to the best means of getting rid of herons that infest a small trout preserve of 1½ acres, the water ranging in depth from 3ft. to 1½ft.? We cannot get near enough to shoot them. Would traps or poisoned fish do?—C. D. Lovegrove.

[We sent a copy of this letter to our contributor, Mr. Cornewall, who replied as follows: "I am sorry I cannot give an answer from experience. Having a heronry here which we value we do not destroy the birds; we would sooner have less fish. My suggestions are—a rook rifle used if necessary behind a screen, or a gun behind a screen. It is easy to see where herons walk, and traps set in the water in shallow parts would no doubt answer. In hatcheries netting, as used for fruit, is necessary, but I presume this would not be of use to your correspondent, unless he could cover all the shallow parts. I should be afraid of using poisoned fish, and think that shooting behind a screen, in the early morning especially, for a few days, ought to result in some being killed and the others scared away for a considerable time.—W. F. Cornewall."—Ed.]

CO-OPERATIVE NESTING.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—Mr. R. Seymour Corkran, in your issue of June 27th, asks if a case of a duck and partridge laying in the same nest has ever been known before. May I say that it is an occurrence of tolerable frequency with game-birds. Indeed, it is they who are almost always the offenders, if it is an offence at all. I have known, as Mr. Corkran records, partridge-duck combinations, pheasant-duck (teal as well as mallard, semi-domesticated and otherwise), pheasant-partridge (sometimes both sorts of partridge together, making a triple co-operation), and French and English partridge. With birds other than game it is an event of greater rarity. And yet I have found thrush's eggs in a blackbird's nest and *vice versâ* on more than one rarable, while I have seen great and blue tits' eggs in a nest of the latter bird, great tits' in a pied flycatcher's and a joint stock affair of redstart's and pied flycatcher's. But the strangest instance of all came under my observation this very summer, when on June 6th I found a thrush's egg in a turtle-dove's nest. What had happened is as follows: The turtle-dove is never averse from using the nest of another bird (generally an old one) as a foundation for its own home. On this occasion, however, the bird had erected its shallow wicker-work nursery on the newly-completed house of a song-thrush, which in desperation had laid its first egg in the dove's nest. The thrush, even if so inclined, would have had small chance of interference, seeing that the turtle-dove can build its shoddy home in a miraculously short space of time. Were I to hunt through all my diaries I could, no doubt, quote other instances of two different species of birds utilising the same nest. In all such cases it may, I think, be taken for granted that the co-operative system is—on the part of game-birds—mere slackness; but where hole breeders are concerned (such as tits, redstarts and pied flycatchers) a question of the lack of suitable accommodation elsewhere. For putting aside these two classes—I mean game-birds and hole builders—cases of joint stock nests are rare and accidental.—John Walpole-Bond.

SUNRISE AT STONEHENGE.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—I enclose two prints from negatives taken by me of the sunrise from

Stonehenge on the morning of June 22nd. One shows the sun just appearing, and was taken at 4 a.m.; the other, taken a quarter of an hour later, shows the sun, which, of course, has moved considerably in azimuth and elevation. I have not touched up the negatives in any way.—A. J. Savage.

GAME-PRESERVATION AND THE PROTECTION OF RARE BIRDS.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—The drift of Mr. Macpherson's letter which appeared in Country Life on May 16th, with the greater part of which interesting letter I am quite in agreement, seems to be mainly against people who object to game-preservation as antagonistic to the protection of birds generally. Surely such people do not need much attention! The question, however, on which your correspondent touches, of gamekeepers and predatory birds, is a very important one. It would be easy enough to give instances of keepers whose motto is, "Kill all birds and animals about which you know nothing," and one could point out keepers who kill, for instance, nightjars and nightingales, the former because they "look like hawks," the latter because "their singing disturbs the hen pheasants"; but such men are not as numerous as they were, I think. To the destruction by keepers of predatory birds I have for years called attention. Yes, some of these birds are destructive to game, but is it beyond hope that the majority of game-preservers will become broad-minded enough (some now are) to let these beautiful birds exist in moderate numbers and take their small tithe of game? Such a course is the right one, and will reward the sportsman in the end. The gamekeeper is in many ways a bird protector, why should he not become *the* bird protector, who is so sadly wanted still?—Frank C. H. Borrett.

MEASUREMENT OF TREES.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—In your issue of May 2nd I find on page 648 a method of measuring trees which is, no doubt, sensible, but not as simple as it ought to be for ordinary folks. This is how I measure my trees: When the full blaze of the morning (or afternoon) sun is falling on the tree which I want to measure, I take a 10ft. pole and put it up next to the tree. Then I measure the shadow of the pole; say this is 6ft. Now I go and measure the shadow of my tree; say this is 72ft. I find thus that my tree is twelve times larger than my pole, that is, 10ft. × 12·1 = 120ft. This is a simple but a sure way of measurement, and very accurate.—J. Paxstone, Pietermaritzburg.

SYMPATHY BETWEEN ANIMALS.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—Immediately in front of this house is a small paddock, in which, for about a month, there have been feeding a pony and four cows. In a tiny clump of grass and buttercups there is a willow-wren's nest filled with young. Though all the grass around is closely cropped, this little clump remains absolutely untouched. A similar nest was built last year in almost the same spot, there being then, as now, a pony and several head of cattle, and yet the whole brood were fledged. Am I wrong in believing that birds have some system of communicating their whereabouts, and that the larger

animals we are so prone to describe as "only brute beasts" show a consideration and care for the weak and helpless we, too often, despise and set at naught? In no other way can I account for the extraordinary escape of the nests alluded to.—WILLIAM LISLE B. COULSON, Newbrough, Fourstones-on-Tyne.

THE USE OF THE "RELAXING" BOX

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—About four years ago a friend sent me some Indian butterflies. When they reached me they were each done up in little pieces of paper with their wings closed. I unpacked them and tried to open the wings of one of them, but could not do it. I have tried several times since on some of the others, having been told some simple methods by which to do so, but none has succeeded. I should be glad if you would tell me how to do it.—W. D. WOODWARD.

[This is the usual method employed by collectors in sending butterflies or moths from foreign countries. To spread their wings or "set" them afterwards they must, of course, not be handled while stiff, but must first be relaxed. This is generally done by exposing them in damp air, either by putting them up for a few hours in a cork-lined box of which the cork has been damped, or by laying them on blotting-paper on wet sand. For insects which have been stiff for a very long time, damping the body by touching it with wood naphtha on a camel-hair brush is recommended. The insect should be touched on the thorax with the naphtha, allowing the stain to spread partially over the wings, but not entirely. After a few minutes of this it is said the insect will be perfectly relaxed and ready for setting; but the simpler plans mentioned above are more commonly used.—ED.]

A GOSSIP ABOUT HEDGEHOGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Referring to "Lichen Grey's" gossip about hedgehogs in your issue of May 9th, in which he says that he does not recollect having seen any reference in books to the vocal powers of these animals, I think he will find in "Macbeth," I fancy in the Witch scene, "Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined." No doubt Shakespeare was well acquainted with the hedgehog from his poaching experiences.—GRAHAM HEWLETT.

SEA-BIRDS IN THE SCILLY ISLANDS

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have been very much interested in reading an account of the "Evolution of Fish-eating Birds" in COUNTRY LIFE of June 20th, especially as I have lately been in the Scilly Islands photographing the birds there. The lesser black-back, herring and greater black-back gull were nesting in the islands by hundreds, always in a colony by themselves, the other birds being afraid of them, and so keeping at a respectful distance. The fishermen told us tales of people who had been attacked by the birds when walking among their nests; but as our object was to watch, and to disturb them as little as possible, the gulls soon became used to us, and, being very inquisitive, came quite close to see what we were doing. A great number of puffins and Manx shearwaters were found dead this year, especially on Annet, nobody being able to account for it. Some of the birds had been dead a long time, and others only a few days. The gulls kill a good many themselves. We watched one great black-back gull drag a puffin out of its nesting-hole, shake it as a terrier does a rat and carry it into the air, but it dropped the bird when we disturbed it. Similar attacks may account for some of the dead bodies. There were not nearly so many dead on the other islands, though we found several dead young shags in their nests. These, however, could well be spared, the shags being so plentiful. They eat an enormous quantity of fish, each bird being said to consume as much as its own weight (about 7lb.) in the day. The fishermen, in consequence, complain very much of the scarcity of fish round the islands. We saw several white-breasted shags, both old and young birds, so they cannot be as rare there as was supposed. They were exceedingly difficult to photograph, as they were very shy; it was impossible to stalk them over the rocks and they never remained in the easier places where we could get the commoner bird. A few of the gulls and razor-bills were hatching in the first week in June, the little gulls walking off to hide their heads somewhere directly they thought they were seen, apparently thinking that if their bills were placed in a crack of the rock they were sufficiently concealed. It was most interesting listening to the various sea-birds while waiting to get a special photograph, which necessitated sitting patiently sometimes for an hour or more under the black cloth of the camera. About four o'clock in the afternoon the puffins would begin to come home, each one as a rule with a sand-eel in its beak, and if it thought itself quite unobserved it would slip into its nesting-hole, from whence one heard growls more like those of a dog than of a bird. But nothing would induce a puffin to betray its nest; one sat on a rock within a couple of yards of me for over half-an-hour, with its beak full of fish, waiting for me to go. They did not seem to object to any bird but the gull family. They would sit rubbing bills with the razor-bill, or quite happily beside a guillemot or shag, but directly a gull appeared away they all fled; the only bird that was quite indifferent to, and even friendly with, the gulls was the oyster-catcher, of one of which I was enabled to get a photograph, sitting side by side with a lesser black-back gull. These noisy little birds acted as sentinels to the colonies, and always hovered near watching us, uttering shrill whistles of alarm upon our slightest movement. Many a good model have they disturbed! The only way to silence them was to remain close to one of their nests, when they would be perfectly quiet. The storm-petrels also were sitting, and though we found it difficult to locate their nests, the boatmen could always do so by listening for the faint squeaking noise the birds make when alarmed, by which they betray their retreat under the stones.—MARY G. S. BEST.